SPORTSMEN LIKE IT: OTHERS DON'T

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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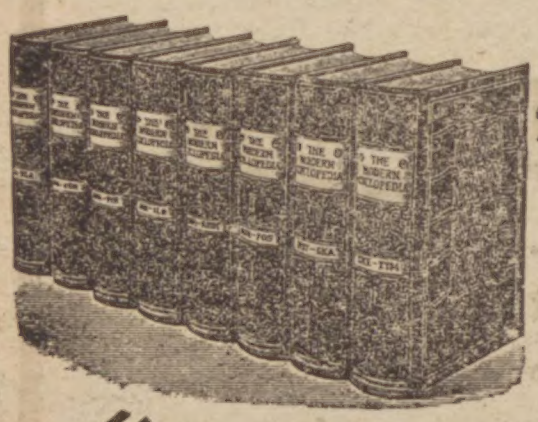

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 103. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 22ND, 1910. ONE PENNY.

THE RAGE FOR THE REAL.

Nowadays a distinct phase of the drama is
prevalence of splendid spectacular effects,
a craze on the part of the playgoing
blic for everything to be real. A case in
nt is a well-known sporting play in which,
a recent gala night, a special feature was
de of the inclusion in the cast of real pro-
ional jockeys to ride in the race which
vides the chief thrill of the last act. The
keys, by the way, were afflicted with stage
ght at the last minute and did not appear.
Nowadays, if a manager wishes to attract
public—and we have never yet come across
who didn't—he stages a play in which
al horses," "real fighting men," "real
diers," and so forth appear. The useful
ect attained by this policy is difficult to
ceive, for such performers can have but
le idea of what is required of them from a
matic point of view.
However this may be, the craze for the
al," still goes on, and looks as if it will
with us a long while. It is rather a pity,
ugh, that while we may gaze on real horses
real jockeys, such a thing as a real actor
ery rare.

SPORTING FACES.

Has it ever struck you that almost every
n of game or athletic exercise seems to
duce a specific type of face in its regular
otees? The keen observer of men—and
rtsmen—can generally tell from a man's
e what his own particular sport is.
easiest of all, of course, to recognise are
jockey and the boxer respectively. The
fessional rider's face is emaciated to a
ree, there is a keenness in his eye that is
alled in few other walks of life; and his
erally pale skin has a bluish tinge about
hat seems to tell of many a furious dash
scanty clothing with the chilly breath of
open course thrown back against his face.
The hard-bitten face of the boxer, with
flattened nose, mis-shapen ears, and the
er callous expression that comes with
y contests is practically unmistakable.
n entirely different type is the swimmer.
regular swimmer, the man who is always
he water, either for pleasure or as a means
livelihood, would appear to put on a coat
of fat for the purposes of warmth, in the
e way as fish. Observe the great profes-
al swimmers; and, with hardly one excep-
, you will see, not bulging muscles, but a
metrical rotundity from head to foot.
There is often an eager, if unconscious,
ward throw of the chin in a running
, especially a sprinter, as if he were
ever striving to breast the tape first.

CHEEK.

Though boxing is going strong at present, Mr. McIntosh, the well-known manager, is, presumably, quite prepared for a rainy day.

* * *

"Girl knocked down by a cricket ball," runs a headline. Yet another maiden over!

* * *

A new feminine fashion is jam-pot hats. In order, we suppose, that the wearers may look sweet enough to eat.

* * *

The curriculum at an American University is to include after-dinner speeches. It is a good plan; for it will tend to combat the "speechlessness" which often prevails at that time.

* * *

Mr. Huntley Wright has been robbed of much valuable property which was not insured. We are prompted—rather hesitatingly—to remark that it will take a lot of consolation to set Huntley right.

* * *

The secretary of the Fabian Society is Mr. Pease but he is not green, for all that.

* * *

An indignant lady, writing in a contemporary, addresses Man thus: "You jeer at our costumes, but you willingly walk out with us in them." Our answer, dear madam, is that if we followed your suggestion and walked out with you out of them, we should probably get into trouble.

* * *

Mr. Haldane Macfall says that "Every German thinks." We, for our part, *don't* think.

* * *

A man was recently accused of having painted his wife's face green. In revenge, we suppose, she painted his character black.

* * *

We are informed by Sir John Gorst that "few sailors are to be found among the unemployed or in workhouses." We hope this is not because "all the nice girls love a sailor."

* * *

Archdeacon Westcott declares that "a reasonable, intelligent man, with a fair amount of energy, can make his way in the world." We seem to have heard this somewhere before.

* * *

We learn from Mr. Andrew Carnegie that "It's becoming more and more difficult to make money." Now, do you know, the ordinary mind could not have evolved a discovery like that!

J. S. Cox.

THE SPORTSMAN'S FINGERS.

It is a strange fact that the average man hardly realises the important part that the fingers play in most sports and games.

The man who plays billiards, for instance, without using the fingers of his right hand, is losing an advantage which means an addition of fifty per cent. to his score. Such a man grips the cue by the butt like an oar, but the good player holds it lightly between the thumb on one side and the four fingers on the other, exerting most of the motive power with the wrist.

Consider, again, the amount of work done by the fingers in bowling "googlies" in cricket. The simple use of the word "finger-spin" by writers on cricket is a sufficient illustration.

The fingers are of supreme importance in fencing. If you watch two first-class men having a bout with the foils, you will understand this. Every stroke in the game is made with the fingers and wrist. And this is doubtless the reason why the really expert fencing-man has such abnormally well-developed fingers. Slender as a pianist's, they are yet as flexible and as strong as steel.

SOLDIER SERVANTS.

The soldier who wishes to become an officer's servant must have served in the ranks in the case of dismounted corps for one year, or in that of mounted corps for eighteen months, and be of good character.

The soldier-servant escapes a good deal of ordinary duty, but not all.

Generally speaking, he is excused guard, but where there is an officers' guard he has to mount guard whenever his master does so.

Unless he is in a mounted corps and employed in looking after horses, he attends all inspections, reviews, and field days, and such other parades as the Commanding Officer may order.

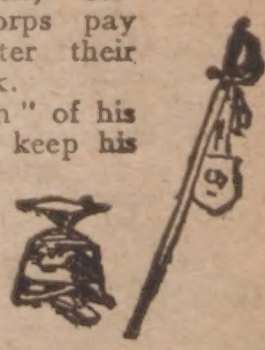
He also goes through the annual course of musketry, and if he does badly may be ordered to revert to duty.

In the cavalry and artillery the soldier servant gets 2s. 6d. a week, and in the infantry 1s. 6d. a week in addition to his pay.

His master further provides him with a reasonable amount of mufti and a livery for waiting at mess.

Warrant-officers, squadron or battery sergeant-majors, quartermaster-sergeants, sergeants, and farriers of mounted corps pay soldiers employed in looking after their horses and equipment 1s. 6d. a week.

The soldier servant has a "kitchen" of his own, but is not allowed to sleep or keep his arms there.



How to Form a MODERN MAN Club

THE EDITOR OFFERS A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

The time is now ripe for the formation of MODERN MAN clubs in all our principal cities and towns, and I venture to give the following suggestions for the guidance of those readers to whom the idea may appeal.

One may ask why a club should be formed in connection with a paper, and why it should bear the name of that paper instead of being called the Birmingham Athletic Club, the Lancashire Athletic Club, or some other name of a local character. The reason is because this paper has been the first to lead and develop what might almost be called a new line of thought.

If we are one thing more than another, we are tolerant. We recognise that there may be merit in the opinions of those who hold views entirely different from our own. Essentially the paper is a sporting one, and doubtless the majority of the clubs formed in connection with it will be of a sporting character, but the broad-minded toleration which I have mentioned will dominate them.

SPORTSMEN AT HEART.

Instead of finding clubs springing up where cross-country running, shooting, or some other particular sport is the only one followed, we shall find clubs where devotees of every sport will have an opportunity of enjoying themselves.

Moreover, there is another large class, and an excellent class, to whom such clubs will appeal, and it is because of the toleration of which I have spoken that they will appeal to them. I refer to those who would like to be sportsmen, and who are undoubtedly sportsmen at heart, but whom circumstances or physique have prevented from taking much active part in any particular sport. Such men, though they do not excel in sport, are often extremely useful in organising a club, and invariably they are jolly good chaps, for their hearts are in the right place.

HOW TO START YOUR CAMPAIGN.

To these, and to many others—but only to men of the right kind—the formation of THE MODERN MAN clubs will mean much.

In every movement somebody has to take the lead, and there is no reason why you who read these lines should not be the leader in the formation of a MODERN MAN club in your own city or town.

In the case of those towns which have already been mentioned in our lists of League members, the task is an easy one, for all that is necessary is to write to, or to call upon, the various League members whose names have appeared and to invite them to join with you in forming a club.

If, however, you are keen on the idea, and if the name of your town is far down in the alphabet, I shall be happy to send you an advance list of the League members in your vicinity, so that you can get to work at once instead of waiting for that section of the list to be published. You may count upon me to back you up in every possible way.

As soon as you find that the idea is catching on in your town, and that you have gathered one or two enthusiasts about you, write to me, and I shall be happy to give prominence to the fact that you are forming such a club, so that all readers in your vicinity, besides League members may have an opportunity of joining with you.

WHERE TO HOLD THE FIRST MEETING.

Essentially we are a nation of sportsmen, and, if you have any powers of organisation, it will not be difficult for you to find a suitable place to hold a preparatory meeting, for owners of skating rinks, theatres, and even church halls, are, in most cases, ready to lend their premises for such a purpose.

Having called your men together, discuss the matter with them, and decide upon the sort of club you want.

Probably, I imagine, you will desire to form a general athletic club, where boxing, wrestling, gymnastics, running, and other sports can be practised, and where one can spend an evening in congenial company.

Settle the character of the club at the first meeting, and see that it is of a type that is acceptable to the majority.

ALL DEALINGS TO BE ABOVE BOARD.

It is scarcely necessary for me to say that it has got to be run upon straight lines, for, as it is going to bear the name of this paper, and a certain amount of its reputation, I shall withdraw my support otherwise.

The great thing is to have a sound business man as secretary. You can pay a £1 a week for suitable rooms, but, if you have a good business man as an organiser, that will be quite unnecessary. The right sort of secretary is moving about and hearing of likely chances. He gets to know, for example, that there is in the town a sporting owner of a cattle auction mart, who is willing to lend, free of charge, his sale ring for boxing purposes on certain evenings. That is but one example of local opportunity, and such opportunities must be sought for and grasped by the organising secretary.

CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES.

It may be that some one interested in the movement has, at the bottom of his garden, a disused stable or a large shed, which could very well be turned into suitable club-rooms. Look well about before coming to any decision, for the rent of the club premises is the chief item of expense, and by cutting this down, you make it possible to reduce the annual subscription very much, and, therefore, to increase the number of members.

Working on proper lines, I do not think that the annual subscription should in any case exceed ten shillings, but get it well below that figure if you can. Everything depends upon your own particular locality. For example, it it is a working-class neighbourhood, it might be best to make the subscription not an annual one but a weekly one.

Talking of the working-class reminds me of a very essential point in the formation of these clubs. It is the avoidance of anything approaching to snobbery. I run this paper without any consideration of class distinction whatsoever, and the clubs should be run on similar lines.

I remember once reading that "rank is the guinea stamp; the man's the gowd a' that."

When I was considerably younger than I am now, I once joined a working-men's cross-country running club, and I say without hesitation that I never met finer sportsmen. They never made me feel uncomfortable, and that is the sort of atmosphere that I should like to see fostered in THE MODERN MAN clubs.

NO SNOBBERY.

Run the clubs on such lines that a man, who comes up in a motor-car for an evening's exercise or relaxation, is not made to feel ill at all out of it, and also that a chap who comes straight from his work, in his working clothes, feels perfectly at home. Let it be understood that here men are to meet as men, and that social distinction is to be entirely forgotten on both sides.

I know that the idea is feasible, and I want to see it worked out and developed as much as possible.

I shall publish next week a number of suggestions as to the rules, which, I think, might with advantage be formulated in connection with THE MODERN MAN clubs, but in the meantime, I look to those of my readers who have already done so much for the movement which I have championed to take an active interest in the formation of such clubs. They are wanted, and I feel certain that my readers are the men to supply them. My support may be relied upon.

YOUR EDITOR.

A MAN'S MANY SELVES.

Anybody who has studied human nature will have realised that every man has a multiplicity of different selves. He has a business self—calm, collected, calculating, and, if a little thing, a little cold-blooded. He has a money-making self, that appears when he is enjoying a few hours' or a few days' respite from work. If he is a Territorial, he has a military self. Then, again, he has a sporting self; and in most of these he appears to advantage. But he has a self in which he would be the silliest ass in creation if he had no other—and that is his love-making self!

REAL-LIFE ACTORS.

Seated in a crowded theatre, we watch with close attention every action of the great player who is so ably presenting the varied emotions of one of Shakespeare's most famous characters; and we are thrilled with admiration for the art with which he delivers the sonorous lines. And when the curtain has fallen for the last time, we think to ourselves that there is something in the actor's calling after all.

But it does not strike us, probably, that the men who rivet the gaze of hundreds of spectators on themselves are not the only actors in the world. In other walks of life many a man, and woman, too, for the matter, has to act, and to act well.

Take, for instance, the rent collector in a poor district. He goes on his wretched round grinding money out of struggling people who have only too little for themselves. He blusters, threatens; to all intents and purposes he is a brute. But in all probability, he secretly feels a sincere sympathy for the poor toilers, a sympathy which he dares not show. He may in reality be one of the kindest-hearted of men—but he has to play the villain's part and play it he does.

The doctor, again, is another real-life actor. In how many cases has he to speak cheerfully to a sufferer who he knows only too well will not recover, suggesting the good times the latter will have when he is up and about again. The acting of a doctor has cheered the last moments of thousands of people.

A STORY OF LONDON BY NIGHT.

THE HOUSE OF TROUBLED SLEEP

By C. J. NEWTON.

In these days, George Sherring and I laugh over the experience. It is one of our most successful anecdotes when treated in a humorous vein and touched up with a little imagination. Yet I must tell you that we relate the happenings of that night humorously because we do not like to admit how very much afraid we were. Yes—afraid. Not in a craven cowardly way. One could not, at least, accuse Sherring of *that*. But it was in both of us all the same, that vague continuous fear. First, of the still night and the dead London . . . then of the troubled sleepers.

And these are the true facts of the matter. This is the reality as it took possession of us at the time. "Took possession" expresses it very correctly.

We had, I remember, almost literally tumbled out of a returning National Sunday League train by which we had journeyed from Leicester. It was 3 a.m. and some porter searching the carriages had obligingly awakened us and told us that we were "there"—at Marylebone.

He received us into his engine-oil-smelling arms as, yawning, we staggered out. We hitched along the platform for a few steps, stood still a moment and stretched—and we were awake again.

"Hang it," said Sherring. "We must have fallen asleep."

Which was really quite a brilliant conclusion to arrive at under the circumstances.

"Look here," I said. "Pull yourself together, man. We've got to walk home."

Sherring received this little reminder without enthusiasm. He did not speak again, in fact, until we were clear of the station and walking along the deserted street. Then he said:

"How much money have you got left?"

We had not stinted ourselves that day, but had saved something. I produced a two-shilling piece rather triumphantly. George had four shillings. We hailed a cab and asked a question. The driver observed that he would see us in hell before he would drive us to 60, Wandsworth Bridge Road for less than twelve shillings at that (qualified) time of the (similarly coloured) night.

"Barge off then, blight you!" said George in words to that effect.

"Swinking swineherd!" I commented as the cabby whipped up and drove off Edgware Road-wards.

"What about an hotel?" said George. "I'm tired," done boy. I'm too dead tired—too tired, 'ungry. Fourpence'll buy some sleep for me. See?"

Fourpence would buy sleep. . . . If you could only realise how cheap that sounded.

"A doss-house," George whispered to me. "And why not? We can sleep in our clothes."

"Look here," he said, turning to the derelict. "My friend and I want a bed. You take us to your—your hotel—and I'll pay for your bed. See that?"

The man demurred. Very surprising this was to me. I did not know that this was the time that, rat-like, he had to be out getting his living—from the impressionable and tender-hearted.

"Give us the money nah," said the vagabond.

George looked him up and down, measuring his strength. I know that the decision he came to was in his own favour.

"I'll give you the money when the—the hotel-keeper admits us," said George, clearly. "You can take it or leave it at that."

"Come on, then."

"You go on in front," said my friend. "We follow. And, if you're up to any nonsense, you pray—hard, I'm armed."

It was splendidly dramatic—and in keeping with the weird night. But George's only arms were his fists—and even that sounds Irish.

The man laughed, mirthlessly.

"I swear I ain't on no gime o' that sort ——" (I was delighted. It might have been a Melvillian play in its greenest limelight. And this was real—with myself as the hero's faithful friend! Yet all the same I was vaguely fearful. The whole thing was fascinating, but to both of us, used as we were to well-kept bachelor apartments and nothing out of the ordinary, it was adventure.)

Our guide led us by devious ways until we came to a distinctly early-Victorian, dingy tenement in a back street off Edgware Road. There were small balconies, I remember, to the upper windows, balconies with broken railings and dilapidated platforms all stuck against the grimy, frosted-glass windows. And from the grating, flush with the pavement, came the ruddy light of glowing coals. Again it was Melvillian. Only the weird incidental music was needed to make it complete. . . . Somehow, too, it was just what a glance into the opium den in Sir Conan Doyle's "The Man With the Twisted Lip" might have shown to Sherlock Holmes.

A man sat upon a broken-backed chair smoking by a brazier. His features were thin and clear cut. His hair, unkempt and dirty white, hung down over his ears. He wore an old frock coat, a greasy black silk wrapper, and carpet slippers.

We heard those carpet slippers shuffling when our friend gave his evidently known knock, twice—sharply.

I will admit that when the landlord appeared in the dark "hall" I was for going back and walking to the excellent home comforts of "Sixty."

"Well," said the man at the door, softly but keenly. "Well"—and his voice was as the voice of Professor Moriarty.

"Two gents 'ere wants a bed," said our mentor—and disappeared swiftly. The landlord saw our look of surprise.

"He won't come in till daylight," he said. "What sort of beds d'you want."

"Oh, the best," said Sherring.

"Two best singles first floor," he said colourlessly. "Tenpence."

He held out his claw of a hand. George paid him—and it struck him that it would not be a bad idea to show the man that we trusted him, and, also, the small extent of our exchequer, in case——

"See after this for us will you," he said handing over our total cash-in-hand. "It's all we've got."

"Give it here. It'll be all right. . . . This way."

We stumbled up dark, musty-smelling carpetless stairs where small jets of gas burned blue in cobwebbed cages. We reached at last a landing, and we heard the breathing of sleep on all hands proceeding from doorless rooms.

In these rooms there were vague heaps on the floor, shown up by the single low gas-jet that was to light late-comers to their couches. These rooms, in the language of our guide (he had entertained us a little en route), were "fourpenny touches." These were the "fourpenny dosses" that one hears so much about—probably from men who have never slept in them at all.

I heard George whisper very solemnly to me:

"The fourpenny touch."

"And cheap—very cheap—very good," chuckled Moriarty, greasily. "This way, gentlemen."

We were at the end of the passage now and turning to the left through another doorless room we came upon the "fivepence-on-four-legs touch" (again I quote the derelict). This, it appeared, contained beds that had the luxury of a foot rise from the floor on iron legs where possible, and in some cases on two big cube sugar boxes, one at each end. They were, however, all raised from the floor and the patricians of the house occupied this apartment.

"Any of those four," said Moriarty, showing us four beds by the window. We selected the two nearest the window, and as though preparing to undress, watched the landlord make his cat-like exit. We could only hear the tails of his frock coat on the stairs. His tread was noiseless.

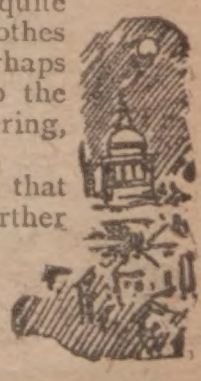
By this time our eyes were as heavy as lead, but—George voiced it in a whisper.

"My ticker!" he hissed. "I wouldn't dare to go to sleep with a man who can move like that in the house."

"It's awful!" I agreed with him. "Awful."

But I do not think that adjective quite described it. We lay down in our clothes and gazed on the scene. There were perhaps twenty beds or more extending away into the darkness beyond the central, glimmering, caged gas-jet.

The apartment consisted of two rooms that had been knocked into one, and the further



one was rather higher floored—a foot or so, I suppose, and just beyond where the walls thereof met (you could see the broken brick-work) was that fitful glimmer.

We lay there and listened to the heavy breathing and the snoring somewhere beyond. Far away at the other end of the room there seemed to be an uncertain moaning, varied at intervals by the miserable tossing of vague, huge, caterpillar-like shapes . . . overdrawn and fearsome . . . in the uncertain light.

In the semi-darkness, they looked weird and uncanny, and their nearness made us redouble our efforts to stifle the ever-creeping feeling of slumber which seemed like to overpower us.

Despite the immediate vicinity of the window, the air seemed close.

Though the night was anything but warm, there was a scent of perspiration in the place that was a very long way from being pleasant.

From a "fourpenny touch" apartment that we could not quite locate came the hacking cough of some poor sufferer who had a perpetual London fog on his lungs.

"Chicka-chicka-chicka churuk" said that choking cough. And then moans and "Oh, my gawd!" said somewhere very fervently.

Just near us, a semi-sleeper turned and made some comment.

"First really nasty weather we get'll do it," he said, talking half to himself and half to his sleeping neighbour. "And poor old Jim Nye 'on't do no more griddlin'. No more grid——"

He seemed to slumber again. And for a space while we lay there open-eyed there was naught but snoring.

Then someone, couched beyond the gas-glimmer's reach, said "Poor Nell. Poor Nell. . . . Bin a brute to yer, I have, 'aven't I?"

The man was evidently talking in his sleep.

"You shut up abaht your bloomin' Nell," said a very wide-awake voice, giving the sleep-talker a dig (I could hear the protesting creak of the two bedsteads). It sounded like a dig that would have winded an ox. But the sleeper merely sighed deeply.

"I knew you always loved me, Nell," he went on, "but don', don' hold me so tight, darlin'. . . . . "

"Blarst Nell!" said his neighbour unreservedly. "'Enged if I sleep next you another night. You're fair sickenin'."

His remarks half disturbed some other sleepers and then, in drowsy but grotesquely philosophical tones, an old man near me murmured heavily, "Brothels an' pubs. . . . Brothels an' pubs."

* * * * * * *

Thinking how most surely that was the key to that house of troubled sleep I must have drowsed, for when I looked at the frosted window again, the sun was showing up the scratchings thereon and there was the sound of scrubbing proceeding from the kitchen, mixed with a smell of soapsuds and coffee.

The old man was wiping his hands when we got down.

"Here's your money," he said, "all correct."

"Thanks," said Sherring, and offered him sixpence.

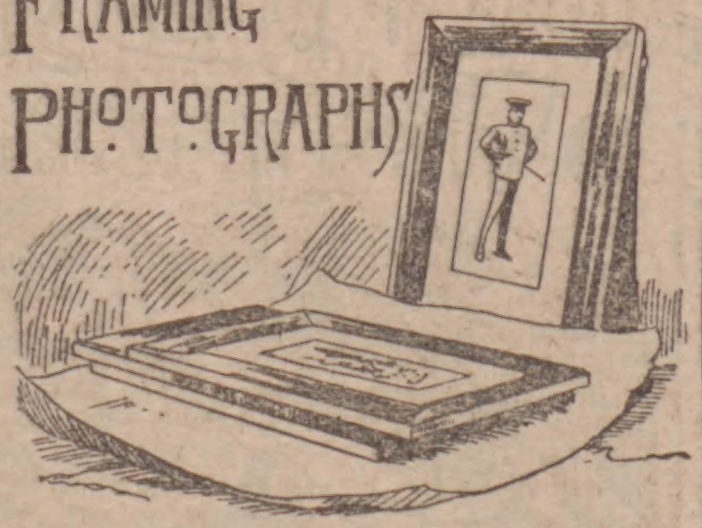
"No. I never take money from you gentry," said the landlord, with contempt. Then he added in ugly tones:

"You've found everything all right, haven't you? Don't look at me in that sneaking fashion or I may be tempted——" He shook his bony fists above his head, horrible to see.

"Do you think," he added in pacificatory tones, "that I don't know a pair of promising young detectives when I see them? Pray excuse my eccentricities, gentlemen. I'm getting old—old. No coffee? Well, good morning, gentlemen, good morning."

I remember that, as we left the house of troubled sleep, the uppermost emotion in George Sherring's breast was pride—pride because he had been taken for a detective!

FRAMING PHOTOGRAPHS



SHOWING THE NECESSITY FOR TASTE AND ORIGINALITY.

There are some artistic people who say that photographs can never be made into pictures, particularly photographs of people. It is, however, the photographs of his own personal friends that the average man cherishes beyond all other wall decorations, and there is much excuse for his desire to have them framed, whether they are going to look artistic or not.

It is easy, however, with a little trouble to make your photographs serve a double purpose. You can have a wall decoration that is not only a pleasing reminder of the past, but which is also an actual and artistic ornament.

In the first place you want to see that the photograph is taken to advantage. Your best friend may be photographed in a bad light and may look an absolute guy. If the photograph he presents to you is a bad one, don't get it framed, but wait until you get a better one. No man is so ugly but that he can be taken to make a good picture. Get photographs of your friends looking at their best, and if possible in sporting surroundings.

The problem now before you is how to frame the photograph to the best advantage.

Most photographers now supply very cheap prints in the form of postcards at a reduced price, but even these prints may be made to look well on the wall of your den if you frame them up in the right way.

A year or two ago there came to London an American photographer who managed to secure from the illustrated magazines five times the price which they paid to other photographers. His art lay partly in his selection of subjects and partly in his choice of light when he took them, but much also depended in the way upon which he mounted and framed his subjects.

I visited an exhibition in Russell Square at which many of his photographs were shown. They absolutely eclipsed all the others.

The ordinary British exhibitor was content with framing his photograph in an oak frame, with a mount of equal width all round the picture, but this American broke right away from all tradition, and in most cases had the mount at the top and the sides of his photograph equal in depth, but at the bottom very much deeper. The effect was unusual and undoubtedly pleasing.

You found a narrow frame, two feet in length, round about a photograph of postcard size. The tip is one worth while remembering when next you have some photographs framed.

A very good arrangement—again thinking of the postcard size—is to have three horizontal ones, with two in a perpendicular position dividing them.

With an arrangement of this sort a fairly deep mount is best, and in most cases it is better to have a dark mount.

As to the frame, a simple and narrow strip of mahogany will be sufficient.

R. PETERS.

AUTUMN SEA-FISHING.

THE FISH YOU CAN CATCH JUST N

By this time the holiday season is over, and the good times we have had on beach or up the river are now only memories, which are recalled to us from to time when our eye happens to catch glimpse of sporting accessories stowed in a corner of the room. And the enthusi fishermen amongst us are inclined, perhaps an occasional feeling of melancholy at thought that they will have to wait weary months before they can take out rods or their hand-tackle again to enjoy favourite sport.

For such men as these this article is tended to shine like a cheerful beacon through the gloom. Its purpose is to what excellent sport may be obtained by water fishermen, whether with rod or line autumn and winter.

The lordly angler who rents a water during the season is wont to look sea-angling as a clumsy and unsporting suit—but this is because he has never any. Those who have are aware that, perly practised, sea-angling—and, hand-lining—is as truly sporting as any to be had on river or lake.

Those who can manage to run down for the day, or for an afternoon, will be to get some good cod-fishing just about time.

The way to take it is a mile or two with paternoster tackle of a good length, the cod is a ground fish; but pier-anglers manage to get not a few good fish; any man who uses a throw-cut line from the will probably not come away empty-handed. The best baits for cod are lugworm, and whelks.

One of the best fish for the autumn is the mackerel, for the sport it provides first rate. It is found at all depths, but a of thumb that will not often go wrong is in warm weather it is close to the surface often no deeper than a foot, and that late the year it generally stays within a few two of the bottom.

When they are feeding at any depth up six fathoms, mackerel give the best sport fished for with a light drift line, with a single hook, and a couple of large mussels for bait. But when they are near the bottom, "chopstick" tackle (a line fitted with two spreaders) is best, and the bait should be strips of mackerel or pilchard—the mackerel is an inveterate cannibal.

While on the subject of mackerel, I would advise my readers not to mistake for mackerel another somewhat similar fish called the "scad." The difference between the two is that the scad is duller in colour, and has a row of osseous excrescences along the lateral line. It is often caught with mackerel, and favours the same kinds of bait.

Men who are fishing for cod are very likely to get a pout, or whiting-pout, now and then. This is a member of the cod family, and can be found almost anywhere round the Channel coast, often as near as a hundred yards from the shore. If caught so close in it is naturally very small, but further out it will be found to grow up to as much as 5lbs. in weight.

Pout will take any kind of bait, and at any time of the year will be found to give good sport, for it is now that they reach their largest size. They are best fished for from a boat, anchored over the rocks, and the most suitable tackle to use is the "chop-stick" already alluded to.

Though they are not discriminating, they are partial to molluscs; and you will be all right if you keep your hooks at a couple of feet or so from the bottom.

L. J. BEVERIDGE.

MEN·WHO·DON'T·WANT·WOMEN

AN EXPLANATION OF AN INTERESTING PROBLEM.

It is a noteworthy fact that many of the best known public characters of the present day are bachelors. Lord Kitchener and Major-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell are outstanding examples. Mr. Balfour is another, and it would not be difficult to find prominent representatives of practically every sphere of activity who have never troubled very much about women.

It is amusing to the student of human nature to read the various scandals, which, from time to time, appear concerning these men.

They have, in certain quarters, been described as unnatural, because they do not take unto themselves a wife, and, by occupying prominent public positions, one thing leads to another and not infrequently the most objectionable insinuations are levelled against them.

To the psychologist, and the man who has made a study of his fellow-men, this is only amusing, and probably it is little more than amusing to the people most concerned, although at times it may cause them annoyance.

THEORY OF MARRIAGE.

A rabbit mates at a very early age, but with a man it is rather different.

If his class of work is of a simple primitive character he generally marries early, but if he is doing something that no other man has ever done, something that demands the expenditure of special and particular energy, it is most unusual to find him marrying early, whilst it is by no means unusual to find him remaining unmarried altogether.

The explanation is a very simple one. We all of us, endowed with a certain amount of energy. If a man uses up all this energy in his work, he has none to spare, and he does not feel the inclination to go a-courting. If, on the other hand, he has an easy job, with white hours and much leisure, he is living a more natural sort of life, and in a very short time he finds his own particular best girl. It is different with the man who is doing big things.

MEN OF THE SAME TYPE.

If we glance through the annals of history, we find that the greatest men that the world has produced have been either bachelors or bad husbands. The reason is simply that they have devoted themselves and their energy to other matters than the formation of home life.

Perhaps the great men of the world who have done such things have been fools. One life only once, and it is written that it is not good for a man to be alone. It is, therefore, perhaps, for a man to put his business or his profession on one side occasionally and give his heart and his feelings sufficient play.

There are, however, men who do not think of it, or to whom, perhaps, the idea has never occurred.

Devoted to their work, they have never felt the need for a woman's company and a woman's sympathy. To them, women are no more than music or sculpture—they are merely pretty things, pleasant to look upon, but entirely unessential.

Probably these men have lost their own greatest happiness, in not pausing for a moment to think and to realise that they are human, and to enjoy life while they have the power to do so, but we must remember that many of them are the men who are doing the world's work. It is for the general public that they have sacrificed those things, and it is our duty to respect their sacrifice and to refute any breath of scandal that we may hear concerning them.

Much is heard in these days of unhappy marriages. Surely there is some credit due to the man who refrains from marriage because he knows that he could not make any woman really happy.

It takes all sorts of people to make a world and the men whose brains are more active than their hearts are doing some of the world's work.

They deserve our respect, for the path they have chosen is the harder one. C. WOLFF.

MOTORING AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

SOME ADVICE BY THOMAS INCH, BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN.

There must be a great number of readers of THE MODERN MAN who are interested in motoring and motor-cycling, and it will not surprise them to learn that physical culture is a most necessary thing for the motorist.

Motor-driving makes a great demand upon one's physical resources. At the end of a long drive one is apt to be fatigued if not in good condition, and it is then that there is danger of accidents.

I am personally driving a 45-h.p. Napier, a car with which I am more than pleased, as I purchased same after exhaustive tests of all leading makes, but one or two friends have stated that to drive such a high powered car a long distance must be very fatiguing.

The truth is that, being physically fit, I can drive the car at least 400 or 500 miles in a day without being unduly tired, and I strongly urge other motorists to include in their daily *régime* a few simple physical exercises, and observance of general hygienic laws, so that they may drive without fatigue, with greater pleasure to themselves, and with less danger of accidents.

Physical culture helps one undoubtedly to keep cool in an emergency, and this is a very important point in motoring.

After a long cold drive, particularly in the wet, I have found that a most valuable and important tip is to indulge in one of the now famous Colman's mustard baths. This bath is useful to any sportsman, but particularly to the motorist after a long drive at this time of the year.

I know many gentlemen owners of cars who would be only too glad to drive, but have found it too much of a strain, and to everyone who has this feeling I can safely promise that indulgence in physical culture will make driving both easy and pleasant.

T. INCH.

IN A GAMBLING CLUB.

BETTING WITHOUT THE SPORTING ELEMENT.

There is many a man who has an objection on principle to betting at home, but who has a flutter of a shilling or two whenever he goes down to the course. It is rather an interesting question why this should be; and we have a shrewd suspicion that in many cases the answer would be that, on the course, the paying out act takes place immediately the "All Right" flag has gone up after the race.

But the man who knows his London well can enjoy most of the thrills of the racecourse at a West-End gambling club.

We are not advocating the joining of any such institution; for there are more knaves than honest men among their members.

For the edification of any readers who may take an interest—whether antagonistic or otherwise—in these gaming clubs, we will take them by the arm and escort them into one of the best known.

It is situated in one of the back streets that lie to the north of Piccadilly Circus, and it is entered through imposing swing doors of plate glass. A portly commissionaire in gorgeous livery admits us; and we find ourselves in a small entrance hall, which in its turn is presided over by a bulldog-faced person of the butler type. He knows us, or at any rate, one of us, who vouches for the other; and we pass through into a large room, set with nicely appointed dining-tables, at which portly men, mostly of Hebraic appearance, are consuming gargantuan meals. Here is no sign of gambling or betting.

There is a little formality to be observed. You must be a member, or you cannot be admitted into the club proper. The obvious reason is that, in case of a police visit, if anybody were found present who was not duly on the books as a member, the proprietor could be charged with keeping, not a club, but simply a place for the purpose of betting. So you sign, and possibly pay a small fee, or else promise to do so; and you are permitted to descend a flight of stairs which you had not previously noticed.

"They're off at Newbury!" shouts a voice, as you go down; and you look in its direction.

A small Jew stands by a tape machine in one corner of a large room, shouting the items of news as the machine ticks them out.

"Three-thirty, Newbury, Result!" he calls again. "Pretty Pet . . . Julius Cæsar . . . Dirty Dick." Then he calls the prices.

Seated at small tables round this room, a number of men raise their heads from grubby pieces of pencilled paper which they have been earnestly studying. Then the Jew cries out: "All Right," and one or two men—not many—stroll up to the knights of the grubby paper—whom you will by now have guessed to be bookies—and draw various sums of money.

The tape-machine attendant is not silent for long. "Newbury. Runners and jockeys for the four o'clock," he calls. And now the bookies join in: "Who'll 'ave a bet? Who'll 'ave a bet?" They will take any amount, from the nimble shilling upwards. If they have reason to fear a certain horse, they "lay him off" through the medium of the two telephone-boxes which are provided, chiefly for that purpose.

In many respects this club is like a racecourse, but they are not pleasing respects. You know the runners, jockeys, and S.P. betting almost as soon as you would on the course; and you can draw your money as soon, too, if you win any. What is more, you see about as big a crowd of wrong 'uns as you could find in a place of the same size anywhere else. But what you lack is the excitement of real sport. That is where the racecourse has the pull.

LIONEL DAVIDSON.

Defence in Boxing

A DESCRIPTION OF SOME TELLING MOVES.

The fact that the motto "defence not defiance" is one of the sagest in existence is shown by reason of its familiarity with everybody; and there is no form of sport in which it is more applicable than in boxing. The man who scores in a glove fight, provided that the combatants are fairly evenly matched, is he who defends rather than attacks, and after wearing out his adversary, cunningly seizes every opportunity of putting in telling counters.

Thus it will be seen that the tactics to follow in boxing are either primarily defensive and afterwards aggressive, or else a combination of the two from the first.

Many a man wonders why he never manages to score much off his opponent despite the fact that he has not allowed the latter to get in one hit on him. This simply means that although he has a good guard, he is either weak or slow with his counter.

GUARDING HEAD HITS.

Few of our readers will be unacquainted with the correct method of guarding a hit at the head, the most common hit, by the way, that is used in boxing. We know that the right forearm should simultaneously be raised and turned slightly outwards. But this is not enough. A really punishing boxer puts in a counter as well.

Forming his head guard as before, he strikes out with his left at precisely the same moment, something after the fashion of the "lead." But there is this difference, that whereas, in the lead, both the feet are moved, in the counter the right is kept firmly planted on the ground, and the left only moved forward. The obvious reason of this is that the right is required to stand the shock of the combined impact of the two bodies.

Another good defensive hit, which is to be found in very few books on the art, but which is nevertheless widely used by the "fancy," is to step back when your opponent leads; and to do this slightly sideways to the right, and, as he moves past you, as he is bound to do, to put in a hard right-hander at the side of his jaw.

POSITIONS OF THE LEGS IN COUNTERING.

Countering at the body with the left hand is a difficult stroke to bring off properly, and needs a lot of practice. As your adversary leads off at you, step in with your left foot inside his, keeping your right firm and stationary. Bend your body and head well to the right, in order to avoid his left, and hit hard at the "mark" with your own left hand, at the exact moment in which your left foot touches the ground. If this hit is successfully performed, it is probable that it will give you a material temporary advantage over your opponent which you should have no difficulty in turning into a permanent one.

Many a man who has not long been studying the noble art is puzzled what to do when a man leads off at the body with his left. There are two alternative moves in this case.

If you see him plainly to be coming, the best thing to do is merely to step back a pace and give him a smart upper cut with your right. But in case you have to act in a flash, as it were, you will be better advised to shoot out your left hand at his face—but here, do not step forward. The reason for this is that if you step forward and miss, his body hit will be all the more powerful, whereas if you land it, his own impetus will give your blow very considerable force.

We have hitherto dealt exclusively with the defensive side of boxing tactics, and before concluding we may give a good hint to use in case your opponent should try such tactics on you.

When you lead, always suspect a counter; and, accordingly, as you step in slightly raise your right arm, as in guarding a blow at the head.

In this way, if your opponent does counter you, his blow will, in all probability, be deflected harmlessly by your right arm.

Speaking generally, it is always best for you to act on the defensive if you have any doubt as to your ability.

Remember that every time the other man leads off at you he is laying himself open to a counter, and it must be your object to get that counter on to him in such a way that it tells.

Success in a boxing contest depends on two things—your ability to hit your opponent hard, and your ability to prevent him from hurting you. In regard to the latter necessity, at least, I trust that I have given you some guidance.

RONALD BLACKITT.

BARBER'S RASH.

Almost every man has heard of "barber's rash," but you seldom come across one who has ever had it. The popular idea is that it is contracted from improperly cleaned razors. But a barber recently told the writer that this is a fallacy. It is caught, if anything, from the brush. But where an antiseptic is used for washing the implements, there is no danger of "barber's rash."

Men who do not shave themselves, but get it done for them by a barber, should be careful to patronise a reputable shop.

"HOOKING" AT HOCKEY.

Probably the reason of the great advance in popularity that has been achieved of late by the game of hockey is that many men who would like to play football are debarred from its regular enjoyment by business or other considerations. So they find in hockey a very similar form of sport which does not, however, involve so great an expenditure of energy or time.

By the way, the man who has newly taken up the game may wonder, at first, why hooking an adversary's stick is sometimes permitted, and at others penalised as a foul.

The rule is that "hooking" or "knocking-up" sticks is not allowed, unless one or the other of the players directly concerned is in possession of the ball.

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

To the stay-at-home scribe there is hardly anything more irritating than the vocal efforts of the slavey as she potters about the back-yard at her daily tasks.

To the harassed office-worker, tearing out bunches of hair in his endeavour to trace a missing penny in a list of pounds, shillings and pence as long as the London Monument, the gentle voice outside that insists that "all the nice girls love a sailor" is anything but soothing at the moment.

When you have overslept yourself and fear that you will be late for business, you don't enjoy the lusty song of your fellow-lodger Jones, as he splashes about in the bath-room while you wait shivering outside.

The only so.g you enjoy is the bookie's "Now, then, come up for your money!" when you have backed a winner at ten to one.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

VIII.—THE SEAMY SI

There came a time when, entirely my own folly, I passed from a gay gant life to one of utter poverty.

I had always had a leaning towa bling, and so I became a journalis simple expedient of buying a penny ink, a pen or two, and a ream of foo

Had I known the ropes as I kn now I should have gone to a Rowto but I had read much of the charm under the tiles in the novels of Henr and others, so I took a garret in Mai

I soon discovered that to enjoy a g must have a certain temperament, wh not possess.

I had to bath in a small chi basin. I tried standing in it and myself down, but naturally I spilt a g of water, and the landlady and th below objected.

Truly the world is a small place. lady was employed as a seamstress very firm of military tailors who hundreds of pounds off me. I some interesting facts as to the pr by "crack" West-End military ta labour.

She was a good soul, and for six pence a week she gave me my gar quite decent breakfast. That was regular meal I had. Once when on a vice I had gone thirty-six hours food, but that was a very differen from the hunger I now had to endur

I made acquaintances in Fleet St they were always ready to stand me but none offered me a meal—I sho bably have knocked him down if he who had turned up my nose at eig mess dinners, was now uncommonly get five penn'orth of "sausage and and the plate was always as clean when I had finished.

At this period of my chequered I subsisted on from ten to fifteen s week.

I had the sense to perceive the of specialising if I were to do a I had met many well-known peopl time, knew "good stories" about the struck me that there might be an op me with a certain journal which dea in personalia.

I wrote out an anecdote about general officer under whom I ha and sent it in. A few days later I print, and had lunch at Simpson's strength of it. This was rather pr the paper advertised that it paid spe for new and true anecdotes. I expe a guinea, and after lunch had visio whole guinea. Instead, I received illuminated cheque for 3s. 6d.

However, everything must have ning, and I was not mistaken in that I had found a modest mark about a year I lived on my reminis celebrities and "angels' visits" of from other quarters.

I deserted my garret for a succe "apartments," at the first of which t attempted to blackmail me.

I was still a long way from bein the wood. My stock of personal scences, gradually pefered out, and o I found myself face to face with the of existence on an income of £0 0 year. I had not saved a penny, I lieve I could if I had £10,000 a mi I was on the rocks.

How I got off them may form th of another yarn. C. G. Bul

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE HEROISM OF WICKYUP

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

It was no use. My approach
ot had been horribly misjudged, and instead
topping the ball (for which I am in the habit
making allowance), I had surprised myself
sending a half-crown's worth of raised
bber skying over the cliff edge of Merring-
m's natural course far beyond the Four-
enth Green, and probably slap on to the roof
the coastguard station that nestled beneath
cliff's extending shoulder.
I looked up my score and decided that
der the circumstances it would be as well
nourably to give up my hopeless chance
beating Colonel Bogey. But I was not
oing to give up my orange-spot ball without
struggle. . . . That is how I came to
ake a descent of the cliff. . . .
Below, the coastguard's chief officer saluted
with his telescope, through which he con-
ually had one eye glued on nothing but the
ey, blue, or cold sea-green waters of the
lantic Ocean.
"Wickyup's gone arter it!" he called out
eerily, with the breezy air of one who bears
equally well against storms, petty smug-
ers, and the cheese-paring methods of
iberal Governments as applied to the Service.
Bounced on the break-water, it did, and
opped in just past the thartèenth pile!"
I looked out. A young man stripped to
ture's faultless entirety dived in and arose
the surface again, spluttering, but holding
ball high. He came ashore, walking
re-footed over the shingle with the incon-
quence of a man who wears a two-inch sole
a pair of sea-boots.
In admiration of this (we—the tenderfoots
om London—step very gingerly over such
ound) I almost forgot about the golf ball.
remembered it only when he thrust it wet
to my hand and said, "There you are, sir,
ein' as 'ow you were sartin to lose it, it's
t cheap at a bob—another shillin' towards
other 'Girl Annie.' . . . You needn't look
me. I'm used to this game. . . . Of
urse, sir, in the case you're thinkin' about
should have thrown it ashore and waited in
e water until she'd gone up cliff again.
hat Fourteenth 'Ole's a blessin'."
The chief officer now came crunching over
shingle as we held this conversation.
Oh, that was easy for *him*," said he.
Warn't it, Wickyup? 'Member the lady wot
ove a ball fifty yards beyond the break-
ter?"
The old coastguard laughed infectiously.
Yes. Lemme get on my cloes."
Mr. Wickyup ran over a distance of the
ngle twice and after that process of drying,
ed on his broad-ended trousers, shirt, and
ue guernsey, finally accompanying us up-
each to the low white-washed brick wall of
e coastguard station whereon he sat and
unched forth, without asking, into this narra-
ly, thoughtfully rolling the while a piece of
tobacco in his cheeks:
It's a funny thing, ain't it, for a man
's been puttin' in his time cockle-diggin',
nklin', and shrimpin' from a boy up, to be
ddenly turned (after bein' the owner of as
m a little craft as ever shrimped off
rrin'ham) into a sort of Blackamoor diver
r pennies, only in this 'ere case it's golf
lls, at one shillin' per time, an' sharks which
e the coastguards 'ere are reduced to no-
ingness. ('Cept you, o' course, Mr.
utlin'.) But tha's how I earn my little
o' corn, the trade bein' fair in consequence
that Fourteenth Hole bein' so very near to
e edge o' the cliff—a thing which had no
arin' on *my* course, until it was suddenly
ifted by the utter an' complete loss, as the
pers put it, o' the 'Girl Annie' (as taut and
ankin' a little craft as ever made rings
und the lumberers about 'ere wot don't answer their 'elms quicker than a shore-funeral).

"No—no, don't go, sir! This ain't no bloomin' yarn about a wreck at sea, an' swearin' an' blindin'. (B'indin' lightn'n' and thunder, you know.) Nothin' a little bit like it, as the lifeboat skipper said to the yarn spun by the crew of the brigantine 'Nancy' at the subsequent salvage dispute—also affectin' their 'eroism—at the County Court proceedin's.

"But that's by the way. P'r'aps you 'eard tell of Merrin'ham Hall? There's new people there. . . . You stay there now it's been turned into a superior boardin' house? Micky Buntin'! More 'an likely he eats 'is grub in that very ancient old dinin' hall where the smugglers was supposed to hold their 'ideous midnight carrousels, all cine—somethin'—ograph!——

"Cine-matographed," Mr. Bunting put in.

"All what you said—in daylight. The time is very easily fixed by lookin' up the local noospaper back numbers, where you may read of the Merringham Squire kickin' the bucket. The 'ouse 'ad been vacant some time after he and the last o' the old Lords o' the Manor went to Davy Jones ——"

"Davy Jones?" said I. "I thought only seafarers ——"

"Listen," said the officer of coastguards, gruffly. "I should ha' thought you'd like it a bit maritime."

"Went to Davy Jones," Mr. Wickyup artistically pursued. "The solicitors who had charge of it couldn't let it at any price to any sort of genuine nine-'undred-and-ninety-nine-years lease people, and the proprietor bein' in India and havin' no sort of family pride about the ramshackle show—they had finally to let it on summer terms to some theatrical people.

"Halesworth was the name o' the people, and there was only two in family—a long-haired, greasy-lookin' chap, the father, and a buteiful young wumman wot was 'is daughter, and looked streets too good for 'is breed. In them days I had the 'Girl Annie' a-shrimpin', an' so on, little thinkin' that I was about to be made a bloomin' actor."

"Hero," Mr. Bunting corrected gently.

"'Ero. . . . I remember well the day wot started it. I was mending nets against this wall, workin' hard and jawin' to our friend 'ere, Mr. Buntin'. All of a sudden—(the Fourteenth Green had just been placed there by new arrangement of the course)—wiz! A golf ball flies through the air and goes plop into the sea fifty yards or so beyond the groin!

"Quite in.ti.k—instinctive (that's a bit of a jaw-twister) I marks out in my mind's eye the place where it sank. 'Rubber's goin' up somethin' 'igh,' says Mr. Buntin'. 'I shouldn't be surprised if rescuin' that ball wouldn't be as good as a day's work to you.'

"Not waitin', I takes the off chance and my cloe's off at the same time, finally divin' in, swimmin' hard, and, with a bit of duck divin' findin' the golf ball. It was hard work bein' all against tide in a choppy sea, but after a lot o' gropin'—I'd done it for ha'pennies when a kid—I discovered the ball.

"I rose to the top puffin', only to twig Mr. Buntin' on the shore, back to me, holdin' up 'is 'and, fatherly forbiddin' fashion, and wavin' back the goey-lookin' little Miss Halesworth (in golfing rig), who, twiggin' things like, retires with a large show o' maidenly modesty up-cliff.

"A few minutes later up I goes up too (full rigged o' course) and hands the ball to the young damsel who was sittin', a picture better'n paint, in a red Tam, red jersey, and short blue skirt with brown open work stockin's and variegated shoes, on the Fourteenth Green in the company o' Mister H.

"'E runs 'is liverish eye over me quick as winkin', tallyin' up my beauty spots.

"'Swim?' says he.

"'Agin anyone in the district and I'm willin' to put up my little craft (that's the "Girl Annie") and back myself to beat any o' the local talent,' says I.

"'Good,' says he, and pattin' Miss 'Alesworth's lily-white 'and, 'e remarks, 'Ow's this for our 'ero!'"

Mr. Bunting slowly nodded his appreciation of Wickyup's skill as a raconteur.

He liked ability of any kind.

"Go on about the actin', the smugglers, an' all that," said he dreamily.

"I'm goin' on. Are *you* tellin' this tale or me? Can't you see the genelman is interested? Then don't interrupt the flowin' tide. . . . Well, I went up to the 'All that afternoon and they did me grand with beer and one thing an' another, and unfolded the plot.

"Think of it, Mister! I—me—Sam Wickyup, was to be a 'ero—a 'an'some young British coastguard fightin' against fearful odds and finally triumphin' on be'alf of the Excise over a lot of lawless smugglers! Period: Eighteen 'Undred. Dress: Duly provided by Mr. 'Alesworth. Object in view: Fake Cine —— What you call it, Mr. Buntin'?"

"You're tellin' this tale, not *me*," said Mr. Bunting, triumphantly.

"Fake moving-pikcher, then," said the resourceful Mr. Wickyup. "They left me to find up what they called the supers who 'ad the childishly easy parts of merely bein' smugglers and drinkin' rum, sittin' on barrels in the ancient dining-room at the 'All which, the 'Alesworth's reckoned, was a close representation of the 'ouse of a rich old Master Smuggler. . . . (Lord! when I think of what a lovely job them supers 'ad!)

"Of course, my pay was superior to the rest, but *I* 'ad to be a teetotaller, same as all 'eros are, and in the grand finale 'ad to save Miss 'Alesworth from the wicked smugglers and make a double of it by handin' all the smugglers' little kegs from a raft into the Preventive Boat (my 'Girl Annie' 'ired—*'ired*, I say—for the occasion).

"The greasy-'aired one was cast for the part of my superior H-officer, an' we 'ad re'ersals, lovely re'ersa's with the empty kegs all complete, and the scene in the Master Smuggler's dinin' room, the supers drinkin' real rum, and me—the 'ero—refusin' to be kidded to drink it, although I 'ad not twigged that they'd drugged my special Jamaica. ('Eros

are allus blind like that, bein' dead pals with the likewise afflicted Love.)

"For them re'ersals the supers got a bob and me a dollar, but I often think as 'ow, considerin' the maddenin' experience I 'ad to go through watchin' them chaps drinkin' unlimited rum, it would ha' been poor pay at double the figure. . . .

"The last scene of the piece (it was called 'The Gallant Coastguardsman; or, Outwitting the Smugglers') 'ad to be acted on the beach, but this was, as the long-'aired chap put it, so *very* simple that it needed no re'ersal. The lovely maidink escapes from the Master Smuggler's din'n' room with the assistance of me, the 'ero, and together they fly for the beach, the 'ero carryin' her the last part, and swimmin' with her out to the waitin' preventive boat, which by a strange coincidence is just in time to catch some smugglers of the same kidney on an innocent-lookin' raft, carryin' kegs, thinly disguised under tarpaulins, ashore over the shallows.

"The 'ero, confidin' the lady to the care of the chief officer (the long 'aired man got up nautical eighteen-hundred-style) swims out to the raft, attacks the smugglers, chucks 'em all into the water and remains triumphant on the raft in possession of the kegs, victory remainin' with the Excise and glory with the 'ero.

"Well—you'll understand that none of us were smitten on makin' fools of ourselves in public more'n once, so relyin' on Mr. 'Alesworth's stage management, we left that part to what Mr. 'Alesworth called our mountebank ingenuousnessness——"

"Ingenuity," observed Mr. Bunting, severely.

"As you say. Well—the day came. There was a chap up at the 'All 'oo I'd never seen before turnin' the crank o' the little camera affair while we went through the 'ole thing faultless as 'at re'ersals me dashin' the glass o' poisoned rum out o' the Master Smuggler's 'and, and kickin' while I was bound up.

"'*Very* good,' said Mr. 'Alesworth at the conclusion o' that scene. 'We will now proceed with the Second Act!'

"This opens first of all with the smugglers walking about with kegs on their heads on the way to the secret store under the cliff—and it was 'ere that some misunderstandin' arose, the kegs which had hitherto been empty, bein' now heavy and sealed up, which was more than my supers, who don't like work, 'ad bargained for.

"'We're doin' the real thing now,' says Mr. 'Alesworth. 'The kegs would be filled and the smugglers would have to look as if they were carryin' a weight!'

"'No keg would weigh as much as these,' said one of 'em.

"'Ah, but that's to balance your amateurishness in case you remember it's only a movin' pickcher bit of actin',' says Mr. 'Alesworth. 'Go on, Mr. Photographer.'

"After that there wasn't no more grumblin' and the Second Act (to be shown, said Mr. 'Alesworth, with a green tinting) passed off all right.

"Then came the Third where I break my cords free, cut the rope that binds the lovely gurl and stamp on the burnin' fuze. I did this so realistic that the smugglers standin' by (out o' the pickcher) yelled 'encore'! It beat 'Only a Sailor Lad' and 'Deadwood Dick' into a cocked hat. There wasn't no holdin' the chaps, they were that enthusiastic.

"After that we all proceeded down to the beach and, dressed as a chief officer, old 'Alesworth (who was a nib at sailin' a boat) goes out from that very groin, my craft, the ill-fated 'Girl Annie' takin' the part of the preventive boat, the rest of the parts bein' acted by the others, accordin' to 'ow I told you. . . . My 'Girl Annie,' my 'Girl Annie.' . . . "

Poor Mr. Wickyup almost sobbed.

"Bear up, lad," said Mr. Bunting, producing a big red handkerchief, which Mr. Wickyup absent-mindedly took from him and waved feebly.

"At a signal from Mr. 'Alesworth—like this—the show began. The chap with the camera doin' all the photographin' from the stern o' my little craft. . . . I caught hold o' the fair Miss 'Alesworth and, pursued by bloodthirsty pirates—smugglers I mean—we dashed into the water, swimmin' for our lives (in four foot o' water) and makin' full steam ahead for the preventive boat (my 'Girl Annie').

"Kiddin' to tread water, I hoists her aboard all correct, and turn to deal with the smugglers (same supers. They had embarked the other side o' the groin) 'oo were in charge of a landin' raft upon which were the heavy kegs (as used in the second act).

"After a show of strugglin' I scrambled on board drippin', and in spite of knives, daggers, and pistols (and the sight o' their red 'stockin' caps) I struck 'em all overboard, some yellin' most realistic when I hit 'em too hard.

"Then comes the final triumphant scene where I paddle the raft to the side o' the preventive boat, get taken aboard myself in the grand finale (accordin' to programme), and hug the girl."

"That must have been a nice job," said I, with heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. Wickyup—I could see he was struggling under a great emotion—ground his teeth.

"I would like to hug 'er—to death," said he viciously.

There was a tense, wordless moment, then from Mr. Wickyup, through clenched teeth: "That part I 'ad to—leave—out!"

He crushed the red bandana handkerchief into a ball.

"No sooner 'ad I 'anded the last keg aboard from the raft than Mr. Bloomin' 'Alesworth up-anchors, hoists sail, and the 'Girl Annie,' bein' a goer in a fair breeze, off she fairly bounds out to sea, the three in the boat wavin' me a long, last farewell.

"Oh, don't look at me like that. Haven't you tumbled, sir? If not let me tell you the *very* words o' the *detectives* from Scotland Yard wot came runnin' down on to the beach and 'oom I found in conversation with the red-stocking-capped supers.

"'Eavy?' says they. 'Well, even imitation sovereigns weigh heavy! They've gone and tricked you simpletons into assistin' 'em to escape with the counterfeit coins which they'll put into circulation gradually as only the newest and craftiest gang o' bloomin' coiners knows how!'"

SLOVENLY MEN.

Sometimes, but we are happy to say, not often, you will come across men, who, although their clothes are well-made and not old, still do not give the impression of being well-dressed. They are slovenly men.

A man may be wearing a really good bowler hat; but it will not look at all well if the brim and the ribbon are plentifully covered with patches of dust. Sometimes you may look at a man whose hat, coat, trousers, linen, and so on are faultless, and wonder what it is that spoils his appearance. At last you realise that his boots are dirty. Brilliantly polished boots will pass off even a shabby suit.

Many men put themselves at a disadvantage, from the point of view of appearance, by neglecting their ties. They wear good ones, but they do not tie them neatly. Either they fix them so tightly as to come below the collar, or else they fold them so loosely that they "work up."

In each way, a clear view of the collar-stud—in a deplorably large number of cases a brass one—is given; and the general impression is very slovenly.

WALKING WRINKLES.

HINTS THAT MAKE FOR COMFORT AND ENDURANCE.

Any man who feels seedy, and goes to doctor for advice, receives it in one word "Walk!" For, as most of us know, there is no more beneficial exercise. And, what is more, walking is a recreation that needs no outlay, it involves joining no club; and there are no circumstances under which you enjoy a chat with a friend more than when you are taking a long country walk together.

But nobody should take up long-distance walking without getting into condition, and observing certain rules of health and diet. We are not talking, by the way, of track walking. These hints—given on the authority of a well-known pedestrian—are intended for the more select gathering of cronies to whom long-distance walking or strolling offers attractions as a pastime for the cold weather.

First of all, it is of paramount importance that your feet should be thoroughly sound. Indeed, if you happen, unfortunately, to labour under any defect in the matter of your feet you should give up the idea of walking long distances.

But let us assume that your feet are naturally good. That in itself is not enough. They must be well looked after. Some people seem to think that the hornier a foot is, the stronger it is; but this is a woeful mistake. The skin of the foot should always be as pliant and supple as that of the arms.

Say you are going out for a distance-walk to-morrow.

When you get up in the morning, you should take a hot footbath. Thoroughly dry your feet, then rub them hard with your hands, and soap them all over. The best kind of soap to use is good brown windsor, though some people swear by soft soap.

Next, *soap your socks*, which should be of real lamb's wool; and it will not be a bad plan to rub the insides of your boots with soap as well.

With regard to boots, the best kind to wear for walking are strong shooting-boots, with a low heel (but a long one) and plenty of small nails at the toe and sides. Large nails, by the way, are not to be recommended. And while on the subject of boots, we may remark that an excellent walking maxim is, "The heavier the man, the stronger the boot."

Now for a word about training. One should, above all things, be gradual. Don't go far the first day. Five or six miles will be enough. Next day go a little further, and so on.

And don't forget that if you content yourself with fifteen miles to-day, you will do thirty next week far more easily than if you had tried to do the full distance straight away.

On returning from a walk, your first attention should be given to your feet. Experts are unanimous in condemning an excessive use of the tub. A better plan is to rub them over first of all with a wet towel, and then with a dry one. Then rub them with your hands.

A great secret, too, of good condition is to rub the legs, back, and loins with your hands every day.

As regards diet, a man who is walking long distances regularly can eat practically anything, but the less he drinks so much the better for him. The sounder his condition, the less will he be troubled by thirst.

In the initial stages of his training, he will, of course, perspire considerably, and in consequence he will suffer greatly from thirst. But if he is wise he will sternly suppress the craving.

Rinsing the mouth out with water will often give relief; and the expedient of sluicing the arms in cold water up to the elbows allays thirst to a hardly credible degree.

F. Strathbourne

UNFREQUENTED FIELDS.

ERE OCTOBER STILLNESS MAY BE FELT.

...you have a day in October that you can ... own from dawn to dark, keep it until ... comes a real October day of stillness and ... out and do nothing but enjoy the silence ... the rest of the good things that lurk in the ... a time.

... is essentially the month for idle enjoy... the man who has as yet missed the art ... nothing gracefully in such days as some... just now has missed much, and has ... when he has found the secret.

... hurry out of doors. Daylight is late in ... and the sun is still later. Dews are ... and the real period when October stillness ... delicious is after noon when the morning ... are over. Then the day seems to settle ... a dream of silence and soft sunshine.

FOR THE FIELDS.

... away from the high road and leave foot... too, behind. Strike out leisurely into the ... the fields, unexplored from one month's end ...

... acres lie open to you, and there will ... to say "No" and bar your passage. ... great belts of grassland stretching between ... and road, perhaps five miles apart, offer ... pleasures to the roamer.

... goes that way, because there is no ... but you may, if you have a mind, stroll ... field by gates that are only opened ... times in a year, to let cattle pass ... to load a cart sent to gather up the ...

... the beaten track these fields are isolated ... desert, but are without the desert's loneli... greater part of Old England consists ... as these, over which no road has ... and no footpath trodden for many ...

FROM OTHER MEN.

... their midst, when the yellow hedges still ... all signs of the village, and serve to ... the sounds that come from farmyard and ... a man may imagine himself clean out ... of men.

... wandering over many acres, turning now ... that, according as impulse or the ... a gate, or both, lead you, it is difficult ... your bearings, and only the sun's position ... approximately where the houses lie, and ... you wished, you might pick up a familiar ... or strike the main road.

... there is much sun on these ideal days ... stillness. From time to time, through ... is too tenuous and filmy to be called ... sun softly shines out, but for the most ... there is a diffused and mellow light over ... there is no bright sunlight.

... part of the pleasure of these days that even ... is veiled, for the fields have mystery and ... when faintly shrouded in dry mist.

IN THE DISTANCE.

... gate entices you to stop and listen for ... life as you lean over the top bar, your ... stick swinging to and fro keeping smooth ... with your puff of smoke.

... could doze as you lean over the ... attentively. Scarcely a sound breaks ... quietude. From a long way off—so ... ed, that it breaks on the ear without a ... ed by the distance—you hear the ... a gun, and your thoughts leap out over ... as you try to construct the actual picture ... sportsman.

... creeping stealthily along a woodside, ... the rabbits bolting in from their sitting-... ts? Or was he strolling over stubbles and ... up partridges left from the great ...

Little change comes over the scene from hour to hour. This peace and calm might have begun ages ago, and might last for ages to come. Change seems impossible now, because there is no obvious power working for change.

There is no breath of wind to scatter the leaves; there are no machines reaping crops; no trees being felled; no plough within sight going to and fro from end to end of a great field—half stubble, half new brown earth.

THE FASCINATION OF SOLITUDE.

And yet there is music in the very silence: some influence at work suggests a deep note for ever sounding in the air. The hawk, hovering just above the tree-tops, scarcely moving its clear-cut wings yet remaining in one point in the air, seems to express, as nearly as may be, the spirit that is abroad in these fields.

There is life without haste—a pause in the onward rush from autumn to winter. To-morrow we may hear the first gale shouting through the half-clad trees and stripping them of all the leaves still clinging to the stems; or the rain may flood these very fields.

But to-day for a few hours Nature is quiet, letting one season pass before another breaks over the earth.

It is still not too chilly to sit about out of doors, and strolling on and on from gate to gate, you climb the next and sit perched upon it.

MAKING FOR HOME.

There is a perceptible decline now in the light. The sky has cleared as evening approaches, and the sun, low and golden through the trees, casts half the field in shadow, half in light. Right across from hedge to hedge the ragged line of shade stretches, now receding where the hedge is low, now sending out a long thin strip of darkness far out into the sunlit space, where a tall tree in the hedge casts a longer shadow.

The hedges grow faintly hazy and blue as mist rises from the ground.

It is time to leave these solitudes to the deeper stillness of evening and the isolation of night.

Far away—you are not quite sure, as yet, in which direction—you hear the "crock-crock-crock" of a laden farm-cart. The sound comes nearer, and you distinguish the tramp of the horse's hoofs from the general rumble.

Then, faintly over the hedges comes the carter's voice, singing lazily as he drives home with the last load of the day.

You make for the road, and as you brush through the nearest gap and cross the green ride at the roadside, you notice that your boots are already soaked with dew.

A brisk walk, a turning or two, and you are on familiar ground.

C. EASTON GREY.

SPORTING INNOVATIONS.

SOME PERIODICAL IMPROVEMENTS IN ATHLETIC IMPLEMENTS.

This is distinctly an age of progress. We see signs of it on all sides of us. And the spirit of progress seems to be almost entirely bound up in an all-pervading ambition to save labour in every way. The man who makes money with a patent is the man who has invented a good labour-saving device.

Nor is the world of sport behindhand in this respect. Busy brains have been at work for years past, cogitating possible improvements in the implements used in athletic games and sports.

A description was given in the newspapers recently of an innovation in the football world that seems not without promise. It is an outer case of specially prepared indiarubber, which, it is claimed, is more durable, less pervious to water, and capable of retaining its original shape longer than the leather case. Is is said that this india-rubber case also possesses the advantage that its weight remains practically the same whether the prevailing conditions are wet or dry.

But it is in the matter of golfing implements that the most numerous innovations have been devised. Take, for instance, the harmless but necessary ball.

Up to the end of 1902 the balls in general use were of solid gutta-percha throughout; but at that time an inventive genius hit on the idea of giving them an elastic "core"—an idea which has since been found to work so well that it has been universally adopted.

By the way, every golfer knows that his balls have innumerable little excrescences on them known as "pimples." And thereby hangs an interesting tale.

Originally every golf ball was smooth all round, but one day an observant golfer found that after they had been flattened down a little by faulty shots they flew better. So he hit on the idea of "milling" his golf balls, as it were, with a hammer. This he found to improve their flight even more; and he explained his discovery to a friend with an inventive tendency, who eventually hatched out the further improvement of "pimple-marking."

Quite a recent innovation—for it is not more than six months or so old—has been introduced into iron clubs. It was found that in some cases a broad enough bottom could not be given to them without making them too heavy for comfort. The difficulty was solved by the expedient of putting a little more metal on the bottom of the iron, but equalising matters by drilling a number of small holes in the shank, a device which had the effect of reducing the weight of the "iron" by several ounces.

Before we leave the subject of the royal and ancient game we ought to mention the idea of some bright mind for alleviating the strain exerted on the feet by laborious progress round the links. It takes the form of excrescences of indiarubber on the soles of the shoes; and these protuberances are cunningly filled with air, doubtless in order to give the wearer a springy stride.

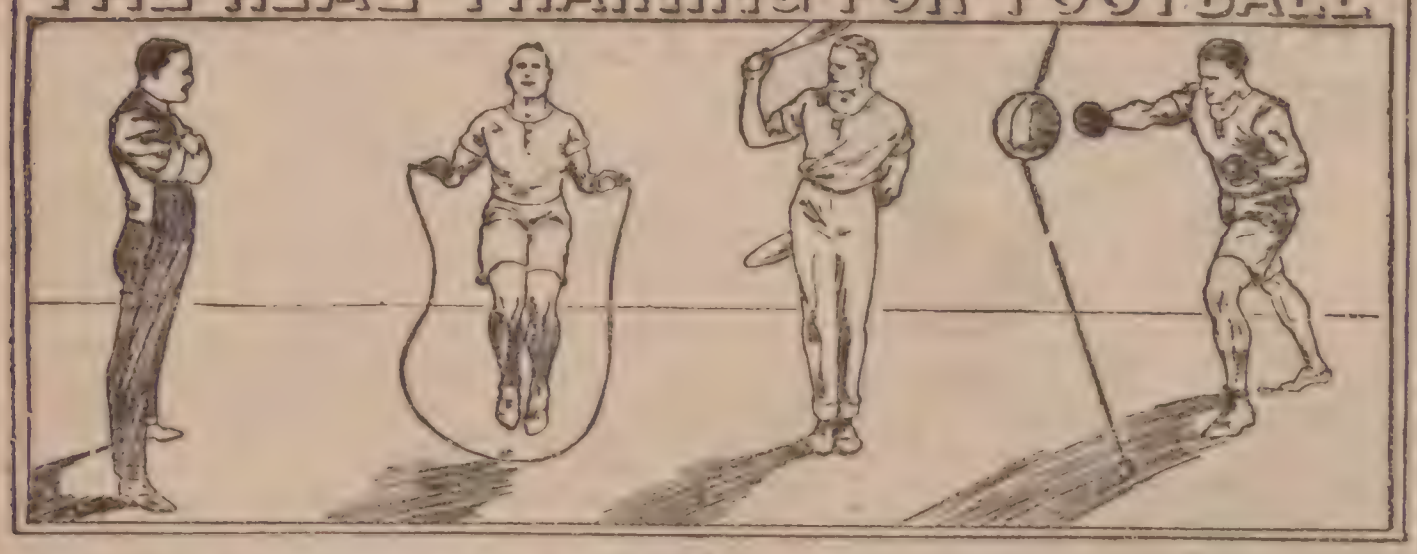
But picture a player's horror if, while he was carefully addressing the ball, he happened to puncture one of his pneumatic soles, which exploded with a loud report.

One of the cleverest and most useful innovations in the way of "developers" of recent years is undoubtedly the "grip" dumb-bell. Whereas, previously, many a man would hold the bells fairly loosely, thus losing a great measure of the benefit of the exercise, if he uses one of the new "spring" appliances he cannot help gripping it, and so putting a certain strain on a large number of muscles.

By the way, have you noticed how cricket balls keep their gaudy red colour much longer now than they did some years ago? It is because of the idea, originally thought out by a well-known athletic firm, and since widely copied, of dyeing the leather covers right through instead of the outer side only, as was formerly the practice.

R. M. HERIOT.

THE REAL TRAINING FOR FOOTBALL



WHAT THE PROFESSIONAL PLAYER GOES THROUGH.

By R. WHITTINGHAM, of the Chelsea F.C.

Nowadays, when the periodical Press throws a revealing limelight on the life of almost every person in whom the public takes any interest, it is strange that so little should be known about the life of the professional footballer. He is watched every Saturday by thousands of people for one short hour and a half; but once he has disappeared into the pavilion, and the cheers have died down, there is hardly a thought given to his actions off the field.

Least of all, perhaps, do the public know about his training. So that in view of the fact that such a knowledge could not fail to be of the greatest assistance to everybody who wishes to fit himself for participation in our most popular winter game, it is my purpose, in this article, to give some idea of how professional footballers are trained. But do not prepare yourself to hear of a course of Herculean exercises, or you will be disappointed.

COMMON-SENSE TRAINING.

The professional footballer only trains on three days of the week—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

If he has a match on Monday, he is allowed a day off on Tuesday, so that in that week he only trains on Wednesday and Thursday.

The training undergone by professional footballers is, above all, characterised by sound common-sense. His strength is built up, but not exhausted, and while all his faculties are developed to their highest pitch, the trainer does not forget that his charges are men and not machines. Consequently the sight of a man falling in a faint or dropping with exhaustion, so often met with in other sports, is seldom seen on the football field.

In this connection I ought to say "the professional football field," for amateurs hardly train at all. If they do, they train on wrong lines.

AMATEURS AND SMOKING.

They take a fit into their heads now and then to do some gruelling hard work, road-running, and so forth, and this, on the top of lengthy inaction, does more harm than good. Despite the repeated advice of "health specialists" to give up smoking, or, at any rate, smoke only in moderation, most amateurs smoke like chimneys. Why, I have even seen amateur players enjoying a pipe or a cigarette at half-time. Such an action would drive the trainer of a professional team into a frenzy.

The professional's three days of training are spent as follows.

He is supposed to be at the training quarters, situated on the ground, generally somewhere underneath the grand stand, at 10.30; and it is hardly ever that he is later. But his training does not begin until eleven; so he gets leisurely into his training kit, which usually takes the form of running clothes, and then reads the papers.

Possibly he does not always realise the reason of this slack half-hour, but his trainer does. It is with the very salutary object of allowing the player to digest his breakfast.

On Tuesday, the morning work consists of ball-kicking on the field, shooting at the net, and so on until twelve o'clock.

Then each player has a hot bath, followed by a cold plunge. The latter is taken in a bath just large enough for a plunge and about three strokes—viz., about seven yards long, three yards broad, and five feet six inches deep.

It is interesting to note that they are forbidden to take baths at home, those given by the trainer being quite sufficient for cleanliness and fitness. The "cold morning tub" habit is barred, for too much cold water makes a man slow.

WALKING.

After the bath the players dress in their street clothes and go home to dinner; but they are back on the ground at 2.30. At this time they are taken for a nice, easy stroll round the track in ordinary walking clothes until about half-past three. Then they have half an hour or so in the billiard room, and so home to tea.

Eleven o'clock on Wednesday sees the team starting for a walk, and their costume consists of a sweater and trousers over ordinary football clothes. Of course, they wear walking boots. All together, accompanied by their trainer, they take a good, gruelling walk, and get back again at about ten past twelve. A rub-down and then home to dinner.

In the afternoon the exercise consists of punch-ball practice (which is considered to develop every muscle in the body), club swinging, and skipping. Each man is made to go on skipping as long as he can keep it up; and I have seen some men do as many as 1,000 turns before giving in. The afternoon's work only lasts an hour or so, from 2.30 to 3.30, and the men then rub down and go home.

On Thursday morning sprinting is the order of the day. Each man is made to do five or six bursts of fifty yards by himself, and then a [illegible] of a mile at top speed, also singly. By the [illegible] is strange that no very fast times are ever [illegible] A footballer is a fine runner who can [illegible] hundred yards in eleven seconds. At the [illegible] the sprinting practice the men rub down, and [illegible] home to dinner.

The same sort of work is done in the afternoon and then a *short* bath is taken. This is just [illegible] in a hot bath and then in a cold one, only a few seconds being devoted to each.

Then the men go home, having done all [illegible] actual work for that week, with the exception, of course, of the match on Saturday.

SPORTING FALLACIES.

That big, bulging muscles are *sine qua nons* of physical strength. If they are not to you, well and good, but if you have "flowing" muscles, in good condition, you are all right.

That heavy men cannot sprint. [illegible] sprinters are slight men; but there [illegible] and are at present, a great many sprinters [illegible] are distinctly on the big side. C. B. [illegible] is a case in point.

That a big man can always beat a [illegible] one in a fight. It all depends on how [illegible] each one *knows*.

That potatoes are bad for training. [illegible] long as you do not eat too many, they will [illegible] you no harm.

UNHEALTHY PAPERS.

Of late years we have heard nothing [illegible] condemnation for papers of the so-called "penny dreadful" class; but it is depressing to find that publishing firms who shout loudest in this respect in reality exploit the public's undeniable taste for the morbid to the fullest extent.

Why is it that a certain type of "boys' paper" can be relied upon to print at intervals of a few months stories or series of articles dealing with prisons and convicts generally? Because the publishers know that a certain section of the public likes it, and unblushingly pander to the tastes of the uneducated portion of the reading [illegible] interested.

At the time of writing much interest has been aroused by the recent discovery of human remains in a London thoroughfare called Hilldrop Crescent. And that is the excuse for an enterprising firm of publishers to issue a story called "The Mystery of Hilldrop Crescent." Is clearer proof needed of the degraded character of the modern Press?

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westing[illegible] Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your [illegible]

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

GOD SAVE THE KING

by F. R. WHITE.

...ly Stoke was a disap-...ng, but not a disappointed,

... was perfectly willing to work—he men-...d the fact several times each day—but ...ound an insurmountable difficulty in get-... kind of employment that suited him. ... upon a time, for a whole week, he ... a stevedore.

... he had been persuaded to sign on ...d on a trawler, and there he was ...wo solid months in the middle of the ...h Sea without the slightest chance of ... home. The skipper knew Billy, and ...eceived him in the matter, but when ...learned that he would actually have to ... for two months on end, he became first ...ully seasick and then so depressed and ...that the skipper feared he would go into a ...ine.

...t Billy had a glorious time at the end of ...two months when he returned with the ...t weeks' wages that he had had no oppor-... of spending.

..., what unkind critics would have ... a ne'er-do-well. His wife, who was ...ful woman but who could not devise ... of persuasion strong enough to make ...k, used many harder terms than that. ... time when our story opens, however, ... was sufficiently popular with his better-

...onth previously he had met in a public-... and had brought home to his wife, a ... foreigner who wished to take lodgings. ... were many more comfortable houses in ...own than Billy's, and many of them would ... been willing to take the foreigner at ... terms than Billy agreed upon, ... Alexis Surov appeared to be a very ...g man as far as English customs ...cerned, and when Billy said that ... shillings a week was absolutely the ...um he could possibly accept for board ...dging, the guileless foreigner had

... for four glorious weeks Billy had ... in the sunshine of his wife's approval. ... not exactly know what Mr. Surov ...g in the town, but with the purpose ... visit Billy and his wife concerned ...ives very little. Thirty shillings a week ... excellent corrective of undue curiosity. ... was about this time that the King ... his intention of paying a visit to a ... Emperor, and the household ... a new dignity and impor-... in the eyes of his neighbours, owing ... presence of a native of that particular ... within its walls.

... Surov knew enough English to ask ...many questions about the King, and ...on principle, answered sometimes ...ely and sometimes incorrectly.

... did not know much about the King ...t that he ruled with Billy's absolute ... and so he could not have given Mr. ... very much useful information had he ... to do so. As a matter of fact, how-...he considered that a foreigner had no ...d to know anything about the King at ...d so in the replies which he gave to ...ov's questions he misled him deliber-...

...e facts which his lodger gathered from ...oncerning King George were novel, ...g, and contradictory; but when Billy ... Mr. Surov a portrait of Mr. Asquith ...d him that it was the King himself, ... realised that Billy had been pull-... leg, and so the questions and the ...sed.

... the great day arrived. The ... drew up at the quayside on the ... evening, and the local paper gave ...ticulars as to when he would arrive

at the railway station and the route he would take through the town to the harbour.

It happened that the street in which Billy lived had been selected as one of those to be traversed by His Majesty.

It was a very mean street, and the city authorities had covered up most of the houses with flags and garlands of green leaves, and the inhabitants had on their own account attached incorrect Union Jacks to the ends of the poles on which they usually dried their clothes.

Billy's wife and all her neighbours found it extremely difficult to get anything done indoors that day. They stood on the pavement and exchanged confidences with regard to Royalty, saying what they would do if their respective husbands were on the throne, and planning various improvements with a courage that would have taken the breath from a Cabinet Minister.

At last they could hear a muffled roar far up the town. It came nearer and nearer, and presently some mounted police rode down their street. Behind them came the Royal carriage, and behind that more mounted police.

Some factory hands had constituted themselves the King's immediate and personal bodyguard. Twenty of them pounded along behind the carriage, and some, bolder than the rest, were assisting their progress by holding on to the back thereof.

The King and the Queen sat smiling and bowing to the people.

The police had wanted to clear the factory hands from the back of the carriage, but the King had forbidden them to interfere.

"What if one of them Anarchist chaps were to shoot him now!" remarked Mrs. Stoke's next-door neighbour.

"If a man so much as lifted a pistol," replied Mrs. Stoke, "these lads would tear him to pieces. You wouldn't be able to get a bit of him big enough for a souvenir."

"Look you there now!" said the neighbour. "That's my Tom running behind the carriage. He touched the back of it with his hand this very minute. I hope he doesn't go and wash like a fool before he lets me shake hands with him. He's a good husband is Tom," the lady continued; "and I'm sure he won't forget to come straight back home and let me shake hands with him first."

The glory of shaking hands with a man who had touched the King's carriage was an extremely pleasant thought to the speaker, but it set Mrs. Stoke a-thinking. Why should she not also have a husband as enterprising.

"Where's my Billy?" she cried sharply.

"I saw him going off towards the harbour," said a woman.

"Just like him," remarked Mrs. Stoke, "when he ought to be here running after the carriage with the other lads. If he fell in and drowned hisself it wouldn't break my heart—even though he isn't insured."

An article in one of the evening papers dealing with the troubles in Portugal had set Billy thinking. His lodger was a foreigner, and Billy reasoned that every foreigner was a possible assassin.

Eventually Mr. Surov took up his position at the edge of the quay, close to where the King must pass to reach his yacht. Billy stationed himself behind him and waited patiently.

The police were already clearing a way, but those who had been wise enough to take their stand at the quayside, where Mr. Surov and Billy were stationed, could not be pushed further back without being forced into the harbour, and so the police left them alone.

But soon the police were forgotten, for the roar of voices now sounded louder and more distinct as the Royal carriage rounded a distant corner and came along the quayside.

Billy was rather short, but he held his none too clean handkerchief as high above his head as he could reach, and waved it. From time to time he jumped up and down to see over the heads of those in front; but throughout these exercises he kept a careful eye on Mr. Surov.

A moment later and the carriage, with the factory hands still racing behind it, came alongside. So anxious was Billy to obtain a view of the King that for a moment his eyes left the back of Mr. Surov. In that moment Billy's lodger had opened his handbag and taken from it a black sphere like a cannon ball.

When Billy's eyes next turned in his direction, Mr. Surov had the bomb raised above his head, and was just about to fling it.

Billy's habitual laziness was wholly upset by the shock of what he saw in front of him. Without a moment's hesitation he seized his lodger round the shoulders and, mustering all his strength, swung him out of the line of spectators and over the edge of the quay.

It was very nicely and skilfully done, and if Billy had only succeeded in keeping his balance the action would have been worthy of a hero and done with heroic dignity. As it was, Billy swung too far himself, and followed Mr. Surov and the bomb into the harbour.

A mounted policeman had seen Billy's action, and he and his victim were promptly fished out of the water.

Billy wanted to go home at once, even though he knew that his wife would have hard things to say to him for getting his clothes wet, but the Royal carriage had been stopped by the King's orders, and the reluctant Billy was led towards it.

What the King said nobody knows but Billy. His wife has been extremely nice to him in order to get him to divulge it, but so far he has consistently refused. That it was something pleasant might be judged by the fact that Billy's face glowed with the warmth of pride, although his actual temperature must at the moment have been considerably below normal.

Billy's lodger has been taken away from him, but each quarter-day Billy gets a letter bearing the Royal Arms, and each quarter-day presents at the bank a cheque which is immediately honoured, even though it is presented by such a once disreputable character as Billy Stoke.

BILLIARD ERRORS.

THE CHIEF MISTAKES OF THE CASUAL CUEIST.

The percentage of readers of THE MODERN MAN who do not, now and then, indulge in a quiet "hundred up" with a friend is in all probability a very small one, but it is a sovereign to a penny that if a professional, or a good instructor, saw the great majority of them playing, he would notice a good many faults in their execution, apparently insignificant enough in themselves, but still sufficient to militate very heavily against really good form on their part. With this idea in view, it struck the writer that a summary of some of the most ordinary errors of the average player might serve a useful purpose.

The left foot should always, as far as possible, point in the direction of the cue. In this way your body, hand and eye, all incline in the same direction, and the odds in favour of a straight shot are far greater than they otherwise would be.

Secondly, how do you address the ball? There is a lot more in this question than one would suppose. How much cue-tip do you allow to project in front of your "bridge"? If you allow too little your stroke is likely to be "pokey," and if too much, it will undoubtedly be unsteady, by reason of the wobbling of the cue.

In most cases, excepting screw shots or where the ball is tucked close up to the cushion, the right amount of cue to have in front of your hand is about seven or eight inches.

When you are about to strike the ball, do not push the cue backwards and forwards more than once or twice. You will see many men saw away at their hands with the cue for two or three seconds before striking the ball, but this is one of the gravest errors that a billiard player can make.

For the first two or three movements the cue is probably running along a fairly straight line, but afterwards it is bound to deviate from it, and an inaccurate shot is the result. On half the occasions on which the marker calls "give one," it is the upshot of this continual dallying before the stroke.

Watch the average first-class professional, and you will see him draw his cue back *once* and then push it smartly forward. To do it more than once or twice is only a sign of indecision.

Don't put on side where it is not needed; and it is surprising how few strokes really need side.

In an ordinary straight loser into a corner pocket, you will often see a man putting on a tremendous amount of reverse side. But this is entirely unnecessary in nine cases out of ten. Hit your ball dead in the middle, and aim at the other half-ball, three-quarter-ball, or finer, as the case may be. If you have gauged the right density at which to hit it, you will score without any side on at all. Putting on "side" is the cause of nervousness, inaccuracy, and missed strokes.

Remember that if you want the ball to travel, you must hit it *high*. Don't poke down at it. If you poke low enough, you will make it stop dead or even come back, after hitting the object ball.

One of the greatest mistakes common to the ordinary player is to pot the red too often. A man will nearly always neglect a fairly possible cannon to try at a tremendously difficult red winner, and not only does he miss the shot, but he generally leaves the red over the jaws of the pocket, ready to be banged into it by his opponent.

If there is nothing "on," do not be too eager to score. To make the lead impossible for your adversary is a far wiser policy.

G. WESTON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

OVER THE CENTURY.

I desire to take this opportunity of thanking the many readers who have congratulated me on the publication of the hundredth number of THE MODERN MAN. In some of the letters surprise was expressed that I had not made some special announcement in that number, but I do not think it wise to have too many celebrations crowding upon one another.

Next week we publish our one hundred and fourth number, on the publication of which this paper will be exactly two years old.

Next week's number will be a special one in many respects, and worthy, I hope, of the second anniversary of the inception of this paper.

Ever since the publication of my previous photograph, various friends and readers have been asking me to publish one of myself in uniform. This I propose to do next week, and I hope it may be acceptable to you.

We have spared no pains to make next week's number better than any that has preceded it, and I feel certain that it will be to your liking. The number will be our best to date, but the price will be as usual.

LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

There is a good deal of humour in the daily work of an editor, but, so far as the matter of manuscripts is concerned, the humour is frequently mingled with pathos.

Many people have interesting and special knowledge to impart, and many have an unsuspected gift in the way of writing, but the amateur is, as a rule, extremely disappointing.

Morning after morning I receive letters marked "urgent" and "personal," containing manuscripts introduced by an accompanying letter to the following effect:

"Dear Sir,—This is a story that a friend of mine has written. He is very clever, and I have shown it to many of my friends. They all agree that it is excellent, and wonder that he could possibly have written it, for he is only nineteen. I fully expect that you will print it, and I advise you to make the title of it your poster for that week. If you do that, all my friends, as well as the friends of the writer would be sure to buy a copy of your paper."

It is difficult to describe a rotten story, but rotten is usually the only word that can be applied to a manuscript that is accompanied by a letter of that kind. The language is stilted and affected, the characters are made to talk not like rational human beings, but like creations of the penny novelettist. Back it goes to its sender, to be received doubtless with much indignation, and possibly with some pity for my short-sightedness in rejecting such a gem.

Those manuscripts whose writers have been prompted by a sheer lack of money, are the most unpleasant to deal with. Every editor receives manuscripts accompanied by pathetic letters, informing him that this is the writer's first attempt at journalism, that he has been out of work for a number of weeks, and that he is trying to keep his home together by earning a little money by means of his pen.

The editor, if there remains a spark of humanity in him, always reads carefully a manuscript that is accompanied by a letter of this description, but I may say that, in spite of carefully considering them, I have never yet bought a manuscript written by these unfortunate people.

Somehow or another, it seems to me that if a man sends you a letter of any kind with his manuscript, that manuscript is not likely to be of much use.

You would not buy a pipe with a cracked stem at the same price that you would to pay for a good pipe, even alth... did happen to know that the to... wife wanted a new dress or a new ... shoes.

It is precisely the same in running ... If an editor were stupid enough to ... judgment be influenced by the let... panying manuscripts, the existence ... paper would indeed be short.

I hope you do not think that I am ... way slighting the manuscripts that are ... to me by unknown writers. I simply ... to have been dealing for the past ... a most unproductive batch.

I am always happy to consider man... and the writers of them may rest ass... they are carefully read, either by my... by a qualified assistant, but at the ... it is worth while pointing out to ma... be contributors that, for success in jo... you must have one of two things: ... literary ability and facility of expres... special knowledge of some kind or ano...

If you have neither, you are only ... time by trying to contribute.

I have devoted a good deal of s... week to the discussion of contrib... I know from correspondence that it ... which interests a very large numbe... readers.

NIGHT CLUBS.

I have received a visit f... G. H. Topakyan, the ... of the Leicester Comedy ... 11, Leicester Place, Leicester Square ...

It appears that the Comedy ... amongst its members many of the m... tinguished men in social, military and ... circles, and Mr. Topakyan has invited ... dine with him at the club and to ... myself that everything is as it ...

On the morning of the Monday ... our issue containing the article "N... was published, the committee of the ... Comedy Club held a meeting, and ... Topakyan was deputed to see me, ... request that I should mention that his ... not one of those adversely referred to ... article.

I have consulted the writer of the ... in question, and have learned from ... nothing at all can be urged against ... Leicester Comedy Club, although some ... those in its vicinity are institutions of ... questionable character.

This paper believes in hitting hard, ... has always been my policy to allow ... tributors free rein in the expression of ... opinions. Equally it has been my pol... see to it that no inconvenience or any ... should result to innocent people. It th... gives me the greatest pleasure to ... although from the vague mention of ... locality given in the article it may ha... inferred by some that the Comedy C... the one in our contributor's mind, ... not the case.

We know nothing whatsoever ... club, and believe it to be a place ... highest repute.

Mr. Topakyan has promised to t... personally round some of the worst ... notorious night clubs in London, and ... perience is one to which I look forwa... and his committee are well acquainted ... what goes on at some of these nigh... and he assures me that, far from ex... our contributor described them in a ... strained manner.

I shall have more to say on the ... after my visit.

YOUR ED...

Westinghouse Building, Strand, Lon...

OUR MOST PARTICULAR FRIENDS.

Our publication of the names and addresses of members of THE MODERN MAN *League has already been the means of establishing many lasting friendships amongst our readers. The names of those joining now will appear in a special supplementary list if received too late to be included in the general list for their own town.*

BIRMINGHAM (*continued*).
INGRAM, Post Office, Villa Road.
J. JARRETT, 6, Byron Road, Small Heath.
KAY, 6, Park View, Dudley Road.
KINGTON, 222, Pitsford Street, Brookfields.
W. LEIGH, 23, Franchise Street, Perry Barr.
LEISSETER, 35, Claremont Road, Sparkbrook.
LEVETT, 73, Alderson Road, Saltley.
LONGMORE, 17, Bordesley Green Road, Small Heath.
LOUGHRAN, 3, Gravelly Hill, Aston Manor.
LOWE, 59, Upper Grove Street, Smethwick.
Severn Grove, Osborn Road, Sparkbrook.
MACKENZIE, 23, Great Hampton Road.
MAINS, 65, Tewkesbury Road, Handsworth.
162, West Bromwich Street, Oldbury.
MARRIOTT, 36, Serpentine Road, Harborne.
MATHESON, 33, Salisbury Road, Handsworth.
MILLS, "Ross," Rowley Regis.
MOORE, 22, Kingston Terrace, Small Heath.
MOORE, 37, High Street, Aston.
MORGAN, 299, Monument Road, Edgbaston.
MORTIMER, 202, St. Saviour's Road, Saltley.
MOSS, 80, Wellington Road, Edgbaston.
NEAY, 11, Westminster Road, Handsworth.
NELMES, 31, Villa Road, Handsworth.
NEWBOLD, 42, Goodrick Street, Nechells.
NICHOLLS, 1, Sandal Cottages, Chattaway Street, N.
PALMER, 73, Walford Road, Sparkbrook.
PARKINSON, Bourne College, Quinton.
PHILLIPS, 90, Cannon Hill Road.
PILLEY, 100, Sherbourne Road, Balsall Heath.
POTTS, 53A, Porchester Street.
PRICE, 25, Gt. Co'more Street.
RICHARD, 33, Wi low Road, Bournville.
RADFORD, 14, Fulham Road, Sparkhill.
ROBERTS, 99, Clevedon Road, Balsall Heath.
P. ROBERTS, 439, Witton Road, Aston Manor.
ROWLANDS, 25, Strensham Road.
SALL, 71, Darby Street, Blackheath.
SEAL, 12, New Spring Street, Brookfields.
SHELDON, 241, Gt. Lister Street.
SILLITOE, 37, Fallows Road, Sparkbrook.
SMITH, 39, Gladstone Road, Sparkbrook.
SMITH, 40, Franklin Road, Bournville.
SMITH, 34, Baldwin Street, Smethwick.
SPRADE, 12, John Street, Lozells.
STOW, 12, King Alfred's Place, Broad Street.
STRANGE, 1, Charlotte Street Parade.
SUMMERS, 15, Cregoe Street.
TOWNSEND, 195, Camp Hill.
TRACEY, 30, Mott Street.
TUCKETT, 11, Hall Street, Hockley.
WAKERELL, 37, Lough Road, Edgbaston.
WALKER, 6, Park Road, Aston Manor.
WATSON, 6, Albert Terrace, Clarke Street, Ladywood.
WEBB, 35, Chestnut Road, Moseley.
WELLS, 104, Ombersley Road, Balsall Heath.
WILLIAMS, "Rosewood," Woodstock Road, Moseley.
WILLIAMS, 13, Freer Road, Handsworth.
WILLIAMS, 248, Soho Road, Handsworth.
WOODGATE, 16, Bristol Road, Edgbaston.
WOODWARD, New England Street, Long Lane, near Halesowen.
WRIGHT, 171, Beaumont Road, Bournville.

BISHOP AUCKLAND.
W. BROWNLESS, 9, Seymour Terrace, Cockton Hill.
CANAGH, 86, Granville Terrace.
WRENCH, 23, South Road.

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.
DAY, 29, South Street.
THREADGOLD, Thorley Street.

BISHOPS WALTHAM.
A. REDMAN, The Stables, Manor House, Meonstoke.

BLACKPOOL.
H. M. BUCHANAN, Erskine Golf House.

BLACKBURN.
W. COLLINS, 11 Disraeli Street.
COOK, Church Lane, Mellor.
LAWSON, 51, Randal Street.
DALE, 15, Watt Street, Sabden.
ley Road, Sabden.
OD, 5, Haslingden Road.
EY, 74, Duke's Brow.
ivesay Co-op., No. 3 Branch, 510, Bolton Road
James Street.
, Hancock Street.
Thomas Street, Hollin Bank.
55, St. James Road.
Winter Street.
476, Whalley New Road.
, Whalley New Road.
Whalley New Road.
White House, Whins Lane, Read.
, London Road.
Junr., 41, Canterbury Street.
U, 6, Walter Street.
ON, 346, Whalley New Road.
GTON, 219, Moss Street.
BAKER, Tipping's Farm, Wilpshire.

BLACKPOOL.
WORTH, Imperial Hydro.
, 11, Lune Street.
, 10, Ashburton Road, N.S.
, Whitley Street.
, 19, Edenton Road, New Road.
, Waterloo Avenue, Promenade.
, Albert Road.

(To be continued.)

SPORTING STORIES

PREPARING FOR THE BATTLE.

The pharmaceutical and dispensing chemist (all goods at store prices) carefully arranged his pince-nez spectacles, as a shifty-looking son of Israel shuffled sideways into his shop.

"Threepenn'orth of laudanum," he announced.

"What do you want it for, my man?"

"Twopence," said the descendant of Israel.

STRAUSS ON TOAST.

'Arry was on 'oliday on the Continong. He had walked the Boulevards, done the Louvre, and was "feelin' peckish."

The orchestra was in the middle of a famous waltz as he entered the restaurant and surveyed the menu.

"Garsong," he called loudly. "Apportez-moi some of "—pointing to an item on the card—" this."

"Sorry, sir," said Garcon, "but that's what ze band ees playing."

ARCHIE'S TOGGERY.

Archie possessed a different suit for every sport—haw! He had a suit for golfing, a suit for rowing, a suit for shooting partridges, a suit for shooting pheasants, and a suit for shooting the moon—haw!

It so happened that one fine day found Archie with a large shooting party—haw!

The first half hour passed, and Archie did not discharge a single cartridge. The game-keeper, anxious for a tip and thinking that the smartly-dressed gentleman—haw—must be short-sighted, exclaimed when a hare darted across the covers:

"There goes a hare, sir! Let him have it."

"I can't," said Archie. "This is my pheasant costume—haw!"

GETTING HIS OWN BACK.

Anxiously the secretary of Dunton-on-the-Slop Athletic Club awaited the arrival of his most pushful tout.

At last he hove in sight, but his downcast expression betokened ill-success.

"Well, what have you got?" asked the sec. "You don't look very happy over it—surely old Crabdigilt hasn't failed us?"

"The old brute!" exclaimed the infuriated tout. "First he refused point blank, then he threw half a crown at me, and then he said he expected I'd put it to my own uses."

"Oh, well! never mind that," said the secretary. "You shall have a horrible revenge. I'll spell his name wrong in the subscription list in the local rag."

VERY INSTRUCTIVE.

[*In this feature we provide a sort of guide to knowledge for very little children.*—ED.]

Q.: How can a man propose marriage without making a fool of himself?

A.: He can't. (If you ask us any more silly questions like that, Clarence, we shall have to stand you on your head in the corner until you get your brains back in their place again.)

* * *

Q.: What is a tarradiddle?

A.: Don't ask us to solve the obvious, dear child. A tarradiddle is the name given to certain of the news items in the "Daily Mail."

* * *

Q.: Could you give a slight description of the Battle of Waterloo?

A.: We could, only it would take too much space. But you can always see it for yourself, if you go to the suburban line at the time of the homeward rush from business.

* * *

Q.: What are the qualifications required for an attendant in a Harem?

A.: They are too many to set down at length; but the most important is that he must be a unique individual.

* * *

Q.: What is the height of idiocy?

A.: The altitude contest at an aviation meeting.

* * *

Q.: Why was a recent newspaper paragraph headed "Tunnel sensation?"

A.: We did not read it, but we should think ordinary intelligence would have suggested the meaning. Haven't *you* ever kissed a girl in a tunnel?

J. GORDON-HOOD.

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RAPID·PHYSICAL·DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE,

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ABOUT STANDING.

The man who is desirous of obtaining a correct carriage—and most men are—must have a knowledge of the art of standing.

There is a mistaken idea that a greater amount of rest can be obtained by throwing the full weight of the body upon one leg, allowing the other to hang loosely.

The correct position in standing should always allow the entire weight to be equally divided between the two legs.

As a good practice, the following simple position should be tried.

Stand against an upright wall, touching the wall first with the heels, then with as much of the back as possible, and lastly with the back of the head, drawing in the neck slightly.

This constitutes the first step towards obtaining the ideal carriage.

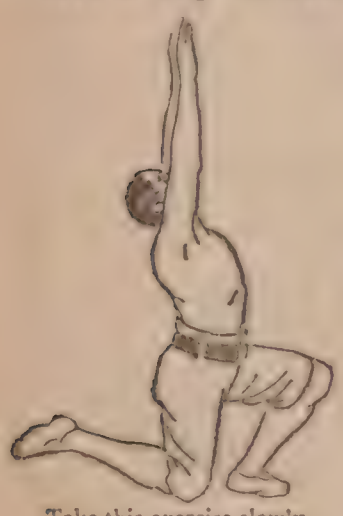
Next, sway the body forward, moving the ankle joints only, and otherwise keeping the body perfectly rigid.

A correct standing posture is important as a matter of grace, but even more so as a question of health.

FOR ARMS AND LEGS.

Commencing in an upright position, raise the arms to their full length above the head so that the tips of the fingers of both hands come into contact.

Take a step forward with the left leg, and gradually sink the body, bending both knee-joints.



Take this exercise slowly.

This will bring you to the position illustrated in the sketch.

Rising, resume the upright position, keeping the arms stretched above the head.

Now repeat the exercise, alternating the positions of the legs.

Throughout the exercise the head must be kept well back, the chest being thrown forward.

Above all, none of the positions may be hurried.

Note the prominence of the foremost knee as compared with that of the foot.

REGULAR EXERCISE A NECESSITY.

Never was physical strength more needed than it is to-day, when the rush of modern business life demands that energy which health alone can give.

Strength is the keynote of good health and good spirits, and despite what has lately been said regarding our physical degeneration, people are beginning to understand what a systematic course of physical exercise can do for them.

Unless you intend to make a living solely out of your muscular equipment, it is, of course, not necessary to aim at making yourself herculean.

Except when some special sporting contest is in view, there is no need to follow any strict dietary plan, nor is there any necessity to spend much time in the development of your muscles, but for the sake of your general health and comfort some heed should be paid to rules regulating the selection of food, and a few minutes should be set apart every day for physical exercise.

ON PHYSICIANS.

"The artist, therefore, who combines music (the whole circle of knowledge and mental acquirements) with gymnastics in the most eligible proportions, and applies them to his mind, is, to me, the most perfect and harmonious physician," wrote Plato.

Plato said many wise things, and the above is, perhaps, not the least among them.

He brings us to the subject of physicians, individuals who, from a financial standpoint, have little cause for liking the physical culture exponent.

Regarding doctors themselves, some time or other they have to be called in, and certainly a breezy and strong-looking man will inspire far more confidence than the old-time fossilised variety, who buzz around with thermometers, and have no word in favour of energetic pastimes.

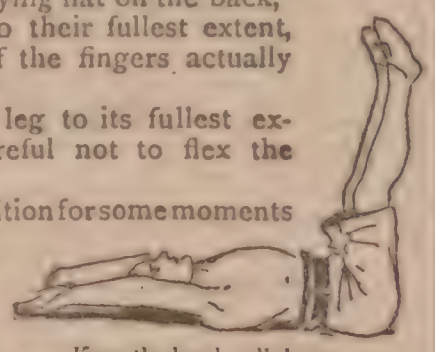
After all, the physical culture expert has as much right to the title of physician as our frock-coated friend has. If prevention is really better than cure, then he has even a greater claim.

ABDOMINAL AND LEG MUSCLES.

At first this exercise will seem rather difficult, but it well deserves perseverance, nearly all the muscles of the body being brought into action, if ever so slightly. Lying flat on the back, extend the arms to their fullest extent, so that the tips of the fingers actually touch the ground.

Raise the right leg to its fullest extremity, being careful not to flex the leg at the knee.

Retaining the position for some moments (you can vary these according to your strength), come to the original position, and then raise the left leg. The exercise should be varied by raising the legs alternately, and by raising them both together.



Keep the head well down.

Throughout the entire exercise all joints must be kept rigid, and no muscle should be allowed to relax.

THE BENEFITS DERIVED FROM SUGAR.

To judge by the number of pills and pellets claiming to be substitutes for sugar now on the market, one might be led to imagine that sugar in itself was an evil thing.

Of course, there is some excuse for the pellet brigade, as the cheaper varieties of sugar consumed in such large quantities have no legitimate claim to the name they bear.

Pure sugar, by generating heat, creates muscular energy, and it is a significant fact that the German Government have recognised this by [illegible] chocolate and other confectionery to the ration of their troops.

There is nothing better for a long bike ride than a cake of sweet and wholesome chocolate, and there are cyclists who constantly carry with them a few pieces of some special brand of pure sugar.

Here are a few points well worth remembering.

Sugar may be regarded as digested [illegible] ready for absorption.

All starch foods are converted by the stomach into what is known as invert sugar before being absorbed by the blood. The muscles are fed by it, and consequently strength is built up.

If this invert sugar cannot be supplied, first the fat of the body and then the muscles themselves are consumed. The detrimental results of this process are obvious.

At the same time an overdose of invert sugar can do no harm, for it is used up by the liver.

No organ is taxed when the waste products are rapidly disposed of.

As a food for muscular work, sugar takes the place of starch, weight for weight, when in a too concentrated form.

It must also be remembered that sugar has a great advantage over starch where energy and time required for digestion are concerned.

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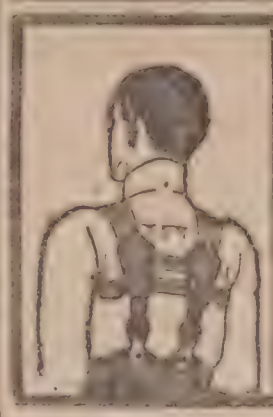

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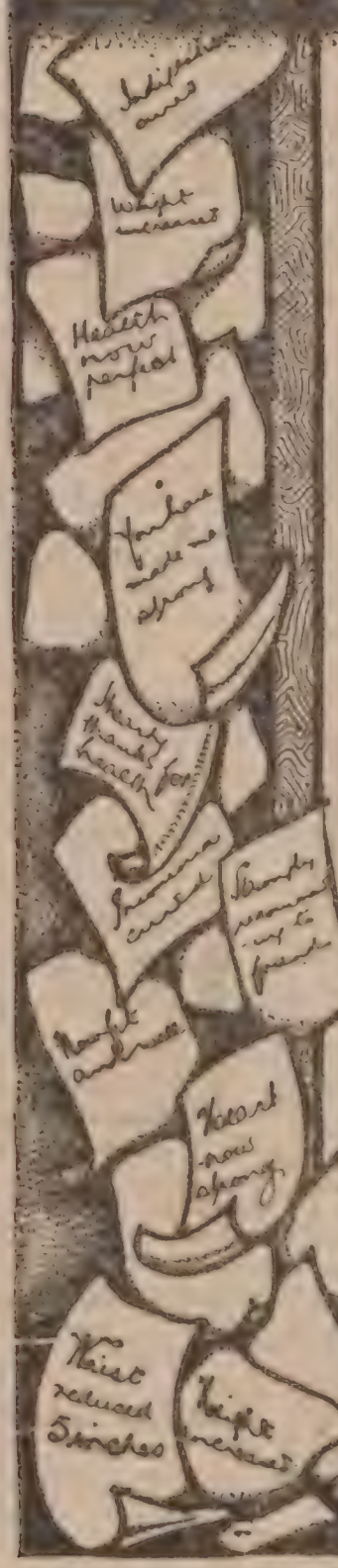
Weighty Evidence



It is an easy matter to make strong claims unsupported by any evidence either documentary or otherwise. I will endeavour to set before readers of this Magazine some testimony as to the efficacy of my "**Health Course**" in connection with Curative Physical Culture.

In the first place there has not yet been a Physical Culture Magazine which has not, with the greatest confidence, highly recommended my system of training, including the Editors of the following:

"Health and Strength," "Health and Vim," "Fry's Magazine," "Apollo's Magazine," "MacFadden's Physical Development," "Athlete," "Vitality."

(Also the leading American Physical Culture Journals).

The Editor of "The Modern Man" (which publishes each week a Physical Culture Section) was led to say:

"Prof. Inch has forwarded copies of letters from and to pupils at various times to prove he takes a personal and individual interest in every pupil. It was not necessary for him to furnish me with any such evidence, for I have personal knowledge of his methods, gleaned from various sources. I can most confidently recommend all readers who require personal attention in the matter of Physical Culture to place themselves in the expert hands of Prof. Inch."

I used to publish a book entitled "**Strength by Mail,**" giving extracts from pupils' letters of encomium. These letters actually grew so numerous that it was absolutely impossible for me to continue to use the booklet, **but all my numerous heavy files of congratulatory and eulogistic letters from satisfied and grateful pupils may be inspected at any time at my offices.** Believe me, I have hundreds and hundreds (I might say thousands) of letters couched in such extravagant words of praise that they would hardly be believed if reproduced in any paper.

Physical Culture is my hobby as well as my profession; that is why I am so uniformly successful. Each student has my best and careful attention, based on a life study of Physical Culture in the broadest sense of the term.

I feel my reputation is at stake in connection with each case, and I also recognise that a satisfied pupil is the best recommendation that my Course can possibly have.

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THOMAS INCH,
Physical Cultute Expert, Dept. M.M.,
Munster House, 676 & 676a, Fulham Rd.,
FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

The Sphinx's Secret.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

If you are so favoured by Providence as to be a native of the little village of Kingshorton and if, in addition, you have come to that blessedness of single life that makes you spoken of by Kingshorton's speckless matrons as a "likely young man," then custom allows you a very clear choice in the selection of a help-mate. There are certain surrounding villages from one or other of which all our comfortable-looking "old-wives" came and the only drawback lies in the arguments that ensue to this day regarding which was the belle of the village in their time.

On this subject there has, I know, been bitterness, but the sons of Kingshorton continue to draw on the same beauty supply when that which Kingshorton has to offer temporarily gives out.

But even though you may not pick your choice from Kingshorton, there is a folk-saying, in rather jagged rhyme, which allows you

"Seven to East and seven to West,
None to the North and five to the South,
But the home-bred girl is best."

The continual contempt that Kingshorton has ever held for our nearest northerly neighbour Derringe puts that point of the compass right out of it.

It was young Will Andrews, son of the old miller, whose rheumy feet climbing the mill stairs is heard no more, who dared to bring his bride, one never-to-be-forgotten day, from the despised Derringe to Kingshorton.

When he told us of her native place we were not surprised that he had said naught of the wedding even to his best friends.

There had been happy bachelor nights up at the Mill House, but the old housekeeper who understood the language of stamps stuck on envelopes in odd positions had secretly warned us that it was as plain as a pikestaff that those evenings of ours were drawing to a close. Had the old crone been able to read, doubtless she would have informed us of the fatal name on the postmark. The matter would then have been firmly looked into, and, in short, Will Andrews would never have become a Sphinx.

At first he asked us up to a house-warming, and the fine handsome woman he had taken to wife entertained us in a manner that we knew must be of ungodly Derringe, for she poured out whisky for us with an unsparing hand, and the table was an example of fearsome extravagance in its various kind of dishes.

Some of the pastry looked so pretty that, feeling it a shame to break the crust, the company stuck to the milk puddings and did not encroach upon the rich-looking fruit tarts.

In bidding good-bye to Will, Farmer Hoffer called attention to our true friendship for him by pointing out that two beef patties (Sunday dishes only in Kingshorton), a plum and an apple-tart, to say nothing of the custard, had been left untouched. Further, he told *me* in confidence how mortal extravagant are the women of Derringe.

* * * * * * *

Half a year passed and we saw a great change in Will. Sometimes he would meet us as we wended our way up the hill from the Queen's Head Inn after a game of bowls. But at the gate of the Mill House he would bid us good-night.

Seeing that he knew well enough that cider was quite acceptable to us as a beverage of hospitality at any hour, it could not be, we argued, that he thought we should drink him out of house and home.

The elders were pleased to see care of his home in a young married man, but they did not approve of his wholesale undoing of the ties of hospitality that held the village together. Will neither asked us nor came to our asking. The rector pointed out that it was written that a man should forsake all and cleave unto his wife. And we left Will at that.

Yet it was impossible to avoid seeing that this broad-shouldered young man was going about wearing an uncanny inscrutable smile. When I compared it to that of the Sphinx, Farmer Hoffer called for the Queen's Head Inn's view-book of London, and kindly translated my meaning to the company by exhibiting a photograph of Cleopatra's Needle and its guardian sphinxes. I added a few inconsequent notes upon its smile, and those rough, kindly men said to me day after day, "We saw Will just now. . . . He had that 'Finx smile on him what you told us about. And he barely gave us the time o' day."

Then we came to disbelieve the portent of the dinner. It was just, Farmer Hoffer thought, a final bit of extravagance that ended the honeymoon and started them off on married life proper —which in Kingshorton is a serious affair, full of self-denial. Derringe girls had a reputation for "gadding about," but this wife of Will's seemed of different stuff. Although all the young married women looked out for her, that they might see her new clothes, they looked in vain, for Mistress Will Andrews never stirred beyond her garden gate.

As the lesson of the extravagant dinner was differently interpreted, so in time was Will's smile.

They saw that the run of evil which had been attributed to Derringe wives in Kingshorton was broken. This woman had taught Will (inclined in his bachelor days to be a little wild) sound common sense, and that was the meaning of the smile, said the womenfolk.

Why should he, they asked, empty his cider casks for the male population generally? Was a man nothing but a sink for drink?

It must be admitted that the matter of drink upon one hand and vanity upon another are disturbing elements, even of the quiet nuptial state in Kingshorton.

Wherefore there became attributed to the invisible Mrs. Will Andrews great virtues—and by her own sex, too! Farmer Hoffer said this was because they had never seen her, so had not the shred of a peg upon which to hang a spiteful condemnation of this Derringe woman. Worplesdon of the Lone Barn, a sour man at all times, did not see that the lack of the peg mattered much.

We did not know then how near we were coming to the solution of all these things, nor in what manner the fine wife of Will Andrews would manifest herself to the village.

It came one night when, in the mellow moonlight of an autumn evening, we smoked our [illegible] upon the bench outside the inn.

It was Will who came striding swiftly down [illegible] hill, and there was in his face an anguish [illegible] hardly bore the looking at.

"Man, man!" said Farmer Hoffer tense[illegible] Will came up to us. "Speak. What do [illegible]

"I pray that I may be wrong but—come [illegible] me all of ye!" said Will.

None ventured to walk by his side becau[illegible] that look on his face, but we followed behind [illegible] fearful of evil and saying no word.

We walked down the trimly kept path, th[illegible] the open door of the house, and inside the [illegible] it was dark. At that time, we recollected W[illegible] man of regular habits, could only have just le[illegible] work when he came down the hill to us.

We walked along the stonepaved hall w[illegible] its little dutch built arches to distin[illegible] came then to a door under which a [illegible] showed. We entered, apprehensive, afra[illegible]

Inside we first caught sight of a [illegible] evidently hastily lighted, and on the fl[illegible] Will Andrews lay stretched, her face [illegible] eyes heavy, her mouth open. There w[illegible] of brandy in the room, a reek that beat [illegible] the chill air that came from the window that had thrown open.

"The lady of the house!" said Will, g[illegible]

"Drunk!" said Hoffer, amazed.

Worplesdon, who had been foreman of [illegible] once some ten years since, felt his position.

He knelt down.

"Dead!" he whispered.

Presently they got lamps and we saw in a clearer light that which had been for six [illegible] the secret of the Sphinx—whose wife, as [illegible] horton put it, "drank." . . . Yet it is a wind that blows nobody any good. Who co[illegible] have found a line to replace "none to [illegible] had this Derringe woman proved her[illegible] Kingshorton?

DECEPTIVE AVERAGES.

Have you ever stopped to consider [illegible] deceptive averages are to calculate? [illegible] is a game which shows up this fa[illegible] clearly. Just ask yourself what you [illegible] to be your average score for every visit [illegible] the table during a game of a hundred [illegible] Then next time you play a game, jot do[illegible] on a piece of paper how much you make [illegible] each visit. Then when you come to calcu[illegible] your average score you will be astonished [illegible] its insignificance.

LAW AND THE ATHLETE.

"What?" you will probably think to y[illegible] self, "What has law got to do with [illegible] athlete?" We will state at once that the [illegible] to which we are referring is that laid do[illegible] by the Amateur Athletic Association, that powerful body in Amateur Sport.

With regard to prizes, the law is very [illegible] No "value" prize (a cheque on a [illegible] man) must be offered. No prize of grea[illegible] value than £10 10s. must be offered in [illegible] handicap. Every prize of £5 and over m[illegible] if possible, be engraved with the name [illegible] date of the meeting. In no case may [illegible] prize and money be offered as alternati[illegible]

Open betting must be suppressed.

It is interesting to note that on all [illegible] forms for amateur events "the definition [illegible] an amateur" must be printed.

An amateur is one who has never competed for a money prize or staked bet, or with [illegible] against any professional for any prize, or [illegible] has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises as a means of obtaining a livelihood.

There are certain exceptions, to [illegible] amateur footballers competing with or against professionals in friendly matches or charity cup competitions, competitions at arms between territorial and regular soldiers, and a few other cases.

THE WAY MEN WALK

SOME COMMENTS ON CARRIAGE.

Nothing is more admirable in a man than a graceful carriage.

Men expect it in women—and women, for the most part, are graceful walkers—but a man is generally very careless in this respect. He hardly thinks it necessary that he should bother his head about it. He gets along, somehow or another, without much effort, and that seems to be good enough.

It is a very remarkable thing that Public School and 'Varsity men who shine on the cinder path, and in all athletic exercises, often let themselves down lamentably when they walk. Men who run beautifully often slouch when they walk, partly, perhaps, because it may be considered side to pay too much attention to just walking, but surely there should be no more side about a finished walk. a thoroughly disciplined control of the legs and feet and body and head, than about clean batting or a good seat on a horse.

WALKING AND SLOUCHING.

It is such a simple matter to remedy, and a really good walker has much more pleasure in movement than the man who merely slouches.

A man who walks well wears his clothes well; he has plenty of assurance and self-confidence. He can walk without a tremor through a large reception room, even though he knows that all eyes are fixed upon him. Women are his most severe critics. They have been trained in deportment, and they like the men who walk with grace.

As a rule in England, the better-educated classes walk with more grace and ease than do working-men.

There is a walk which, while it denotes culture, may be careless, but it is easily distinguishable from the proletarian gait. This is no doubt due to the unsatisfactory condition of our present-day civilisation, for no one walks more gracefully than the untrained savage.

Often it is a question of boots, as in the case of the navvy or agricultural labourer, whose legs are little more than pendulums. But mostly it is a subject which, except for a little school drill, [illegible]

Some men have [illegible] walk, which indicates that [illegible] eyes and feet fully and eco[illegible] same time; but, in watching pa[illegible] street, one concludes that not o[illegible] dred understands the finesse of the [illegible] and that neither brains nor thoug[illegible] been expended on acquiring a carriage [illegible] able to the observer and easy to the wal[illegible]

Strangely enough, infantry soldiers, wh[illegible] business it is to walk, seldom move as well [illegible] cavalrymen.

The regulation pace, and perhaps th[illegible] ammunition boot, has taken most of the grac[illegible] from their movements. The cavalryman, wit[illegible] his smarter overalls and boots and less drilled footsteps, usually moves well and freely.

LACK OF FINISH.

Nothing is more unpleasant than a mincing walk. Rhythm and swing, on the other hand, should not be overdone, but the main failing is in lack of finish to the pace.

An unfinished walk is as bad as an unfinished accent.

Probably the best definition of the expression "a finished walk," is that it implies at one and the same time both muscular strength and ease of movement. If your walk possesses these two characteristics, it will not be far wrong.

A man's walk is highly indicative of his character. Tennyson saw "Rascal" in the supple, sliding knee, and one often distinguishes coxcomb and sloven in the carriage of passers-by.

The truth of the matter is that many men walk inefficiently and ungracefully because they have failed to learn the use of their limbs, and have not thought it worth while to find any merit in walking beyond getting there.

A. E. M. BUSH.

The Art of Money-Making

Have you ever considered how money is made, how it is that a favoured few appear to amass fortunes without any exertion on their part? It is not by ordinary every-day work, but by the exercise of their brains in the Stock Markets of the world. Picture Rockefeller, Pierpont-Morgan, Carnegie, and many others too numerous to mention, working for a weekly or a yearly wage, and the impossibility of making a fortune by the labour of your hands is at once apparent.

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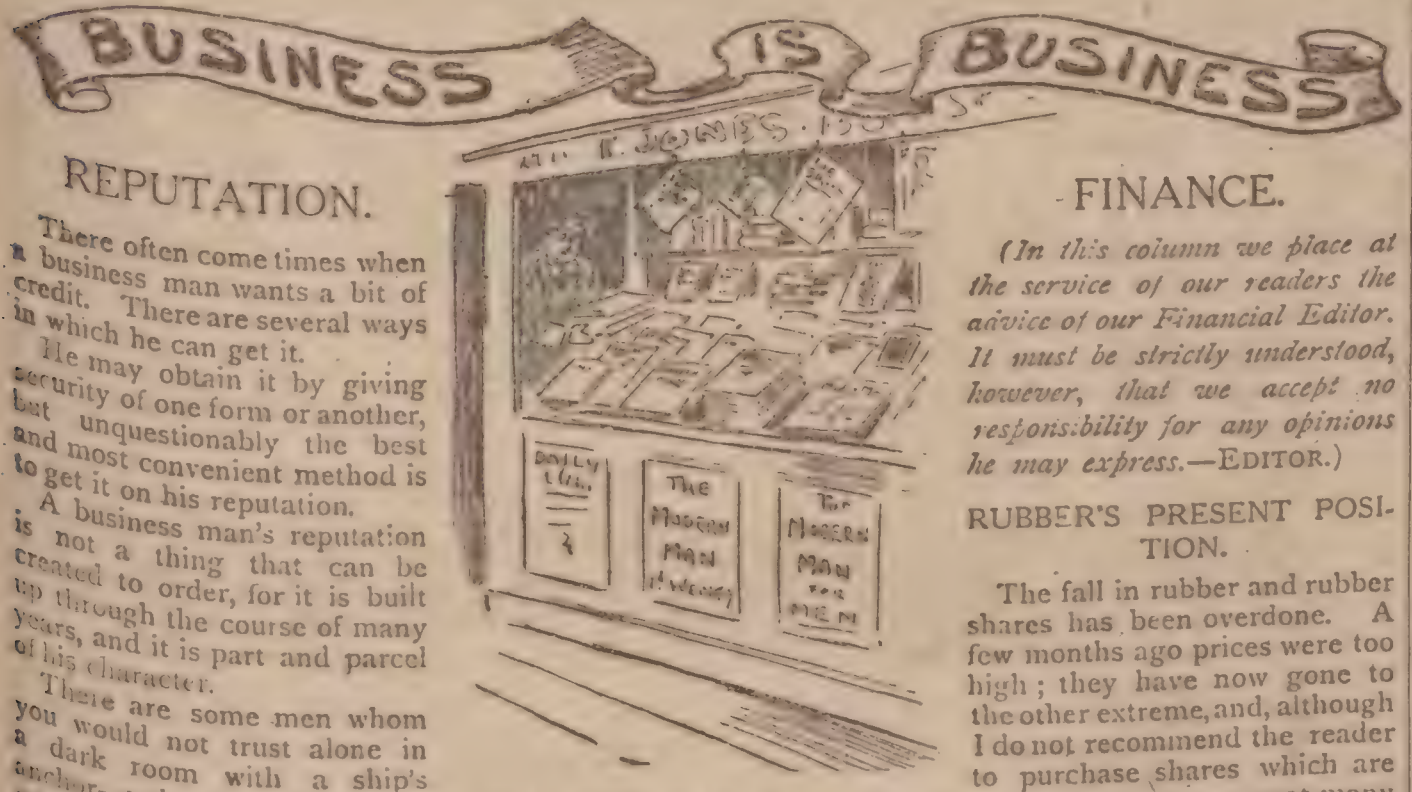

REPUTATION.

There often come times when a business man wants a bit of credit. There are several ways in which he can get it.

He may obtain it by giving security of one form or another, but unquestionably the best and most convenient method is to get it on his reputation.

A business man's reputation is not a thing that can be created to order, for it is built up through the course of many years, and it is part and parcel of his character.

There are some men whom you would not trust alone in a dark room with a ship's anchor—unless it were red-hot; and there are other men with whom you never trouble about signing a contract, because you know that their word is as good as their bond.

These latter men have a reputation, and it is a business asset to them.

There are times when you want money to float a business, or to expand one that you have already established, and it may be most inconvenient for you to give any form of security to those who help you, but no security is needed or asked for if you have a reputation for straight dealing.

Sometimes in the struggle for business success, the honest man, watching the more rapid, if less certain, progress of unscrupulous rivals, wonders whether it is worth while remaining honest. It is always worth while. I have yet to come across the really substantial and lucrative business that has been built up on any other lines than straightforwardness and honesty.

Chicanery and duplicity may succeed for a time, but the collapse of a business built upon such lines is inevitable.

Reputation is a valuable thing to a man in a large way of business, but it is none the less valuable to the employee who is earning a weekly salary.

I referred last week to skill and common-sense, and it is chiefly the possession of these two qualities that give a man in a minor position a reputation in the eyes of his chief.

One hears and reads a good deal about the need for honesty so far as employees are concerned. One might as well talk of the need of breath. Honesty is one of those absolute essentials which is possessed by practically every employee. An employee who is dishonest is very soon found out, and his engagement is terminated with more promptness than comfort.

It is the man with the reputation behind him who is taken into the confidence of his employers, who are under the necessity of letting one member of their staff into secrets of the business. Thus they would be sorry to lose such a man, whose departure would mean the implicit trusting of another.

It is not merely by being honest that the employee will make his reputation, for all those in competition with him are just as honest. He makes his reputation by being sharp, gathering the gist of an instruction without having to be told it twice, thinking on the same lines as his chief, and thereby anticipating his wishes, sticking at his work, and generally by making himself so useful that he becomes in time indispensable to the business with which he is connected.

When a man gets a reputation like that, he has taken out a business insurance policy that is unrivalled. If the business for which he is working collapses, he has only to go to another in the same line in order to get a similar, and possibly a better, position, for his reputation is known.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

RUBBER'S PRESENT POSITION.

The fall in rubber and rubber shares has been overdone. A few months ago prices were too high; they have now gone to the other extreme, and, although I do not recommend the reader to purchase shares which are still at a huge premium, there are a great many shares in sound concerns under par which are worth the investor's attention.

OIL.

Oil shares continue to fall, and, what with the cut in prices by the Standard Oil Company and the huge number of propositions on the London market awaiting flotation, the prospects of an oil boom are not flourishing, and although the demand for oil is increasing almost monthly, I am afraid that the supply is also increasing, and will increase, in a greater ratio for some time to come.

SOUTH AFRICANS AND MEXICANS.

South Africans, including Rhodesians, are still as dull as ditch-water, and I doubt if even a combination of the many millionaires in this market could successfully engineer a boom in prices.

The Mexican Railway dividend for the half-year ending June 30 is quite up to expectations, and the investor in the stocks of this company need not have the slightest cause for uneasiness, as, notwithstanding the depressed state of markets in other parts of the House, these securities are still good to buy and hold. The estimated increased traffics for the quarter ending September on this line are over 250,000 dols. This following on an increase of nearly 220,000 dols. for the same period last year shows the enormous strides trade in Mexico is making.

CAMP BIRD OPTIONS.

In answer to numerous inquiries, Camp Bird Option certificates give the holder the right to call Camp Bird shares at 35s. up to the end of 1912.

This does not seem a very promising speculation with the shares at 32s.; but the prospects of the company's Santa Gertudis mine are so promising that I expect to see the shares nearer £3 than 30s. after the new mill has been started in a few months.

The shares have now been placed on the Paris market, and 200,000 were bought for this purpose.

The option certificates can be dealt in on the Stock Exchange, from account to account, and of course any rise will be the same as the shares, and of course any rise in the price of the shares will be synchronised in the options.

AMERICANS.

Americans keep firm, although there is not much change, and those who are venturesome enough to risk a speculation in this market might do so on the "bull" tack. However, I do not look for any pronounced movement, and operators should be satisfied with small profits.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MUTUAL" (Sunderland).—I think you would be in safe hands with the Association you inquire about.

"PRESTON." (Southport).—My advice is to leave the firm whose circular you enclose severely alone. If so much can be made out of so little, where is the need to advertise?

AUCKLAND'S AGENCY.—F. R. (London).—I know nothing of the company you inquire about. Surely the proper time to make inquiries would be before accepting an agency—not afterwards.

D. K. (Bristol).—You would have saved money by selling as I advised a month ago; now you had better hold, if means permit.

L. S. D. (Glasgow).—Glad you have found my advice of service; always pleased to hear from you.

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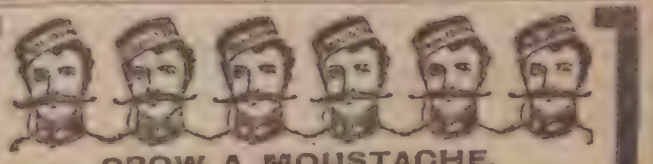
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g Morning at Blick's

A SKETCH.

By E. HAMILTON EDDING.

Years ago, when Blick was captain of the games and I was—well, one of the games, at school he promised me that when he got married and had his father's big farm for his own, he would ask me down to stay—as a reward of loyalty. Blick and I always went rabbitting, ferretting, and ratting together. I did all the grisly work connected with that taxidermy hobby of Blick's.

He was pleased to term me a "little sportsman," but, oh! that is years ago, and Blick has got his big farm and his wife and a couple of growing boys who honour me with the title of uncle and cost me something per annum in birthday presents and casual half-crowns. All this—and Blick has only just seen his thirtieth year.

Yet, this morning here I am at six a.m., looking on the chill gold of an early autumn morning and watching the sun chasing the white silver covering off the grass under the sheltering trees.

That is the view from my bed in the household of Blick. Thank heaven, they have not thrust me into that ceremonious spare bedroom of theirs where you want a ladder to climb up into the half-tester bed upon which generations of Blick's have been born and have died.

There is nothing new about the house anywhere, and that spare bed sits on you heavily if you have a sensitive mind. You feel it would be indecorous to take a flying leap into it from the floor in your pyjamas.

And that's the sort of thing I like doing, so by request they have put me into the boys' room, which is used to it, and Kissanly—oh! yes "Toffee" Kissanly, of all fat people—ponderously occupies the spare room. And he's down for the weight-carrier this morning, isn't he? . . . The stable's weight-carrier. . . . Thinking about weight-carriers . . . hang it, I must have dozed again, for there's no end of a rattling of window panes and a clump-clumping of a horse's hoof somewhere beneath the window.

Yes, it's Blick, mounted and offensively fresh-looking, while I am still rubbing my eyes and reiterating "all ri'" because the "ght" never will come until I've jumped into that particularly cold bath.

Now, if I had not assured Blick that the one thing I thought was marvellous about his country house was its newly-installed bathroom, I should slip the cold douche this morning. But I must add proof to my words. I must appear to be looking forward to contact with that wonderful porcelain bath. Ugh!

I could go to sleep again, I believe, thinking about porcelain baths and their relation to—rooks; rooks that are "caw-cawing" outside on the top of the big sun-halo'd trees; rooks whose call is so soothing in the early morning—that slow, easy, long-drawn "caw-caw!"

But, flick! That's those young blighters of "nephews" of mine bursting open my door. Two small forms fly through the air and—heavens!—right on to my empty stomach!

The eldest is off again soon enough, complaining that the atmosphere is "frowsy" and he flings wide every available draught-producing casement. He (Ted) says have I seen his new air-gun? No? Well, here it is. Isn't it wonderful? You open it like that and that causes the air——

That's cut short, however, for John is sure that I have not the time to hear about rotten old air-guns, but *his* rabbits are hutched very near the stables and will not be an inch out of my lordly way thereto.

Ted, a young man of revengeful spirit, has already turned on the bath for me and he mentions casually that there was just the thinnest sheet of ice in his water-jug, so, of course, he went and fetched some hot water from the kitchen. . . . But I am not very keen on hot water? Too "frowsy" for me, of course. Well, the bath will be just to my liking. And, I'm welcome to it.

They scurry off to further agonise poor "Toffee" Kissanly, who, even at school, never thought of rising until the bell rang for breakfast. "Toffee" Kissanly, it appears, had to be treated with a cold sponge. (Heavens! what memories that fact arouses.) . . . But it is as I thought. A cold sponge never made anything but a comfortable pillow for "Toffee" Kissanly! They are crying for me to come and stir him up, and this gives me an excuse to get quickly out of this refrigerator of a bathroom, yelling "Arise! Arise! Oh, Fearful One, Arise!" . . . That ought to awaken Kissanly, for, at school, he hated that call more than "Gee-up, Old War-horse!" which they applied to him on the football field, when, in spite of the use of his weight at back, he always failed to follow up his advantage by keeping "on the ball."

We awaken Kissanly at last, but no amount of persuasion will get him to that cold bath. Kissanly and cold baths don't coagulate with any sort of success.

Are we ever coming down, the voice of Blick inquires in strident tones. We d... answer. We have neither of us yet go... our hunting stocks, which, although they ... the last word to the riding rig, yet take ... of tying. . . . Again the call of Blick, ... as we'd got the things fixed ready for ... pins to be put in, and now those pins ... invaded our finger-tips. Hang!

Blick, thirteen to the dozen, is stri... along the hall, slapping his crop on his ridi... boots, and now he is leaping up the creak... broad stairway.

"Good heavens!" he says, as he b... upon us. "We agreed on an hour ... half's ride before breakfast—and—there ... you smell it?"

Ay, surely we can, and the look of ... lieved from his troubles o'erspreads the ... tenance of Kissanly. It is the sweetest ... morning scent to his mind—the all-permea... smell of frying eggs and bacon.

POSTMEN AND THE LIFT.

For a long time past postmen have ... labouring under a perfectly legitimate gri... ance. It appears that in large blocks ... buildings, such as city offices or re... flats, caretakers and liftmen have refuse... let them use the lift for the purpose of ... livering their letters. Naturally they ... ask to be taken in the lift from floor to ... for this would be obviously expensive ... all they have required is to be allowed ... up in the lift to the top floor, and t... walk down, delivering their letters on t... This would save them many exh... climbs.

But even that small concession has ... refused them; so that it appears that ... answer will be the step of handing ... letters for the whole building *en bloc* to ... hall-porter for distribution himself.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN-SELBY

By ADAM STERN.

Along the grey, straight road which enters the chain-making town of Moulden, Staffordshire, on the north side, strode a young man in the dusk of an October evening.

He was dark, with a resolute cast of features relieved by the hint of humour lurking at the corners of his well-set lips. Though roughly clad, he carried an air of being superior to his clothes, and his long, easy stride was a clear indication of the muscular character of his physique.

Passing the first few outlying cottages, he came at length to the place where the road divides, one way skirting the town on the left and the other leading direct to its centre. Without hesitation he chose the right way.

He reached the beginning of the main street and turned into an inn. There were several chain-makers in the tap-room, and a fat red-faced landlord behind the bar. Every one greeted him, either with a nod or a gruff "How do?"

As he breasted the counter, the landlord pushed over a friendly hand.

"Pleased to see yer," he said.

The new-comer glanced keenly at him and shook.

"Thanks," he said. "It's good of you to say so."

"It ain't often we has the pleasure o' *your* company at 'The George and Dragon.'"

"You're right," assented the new-comer, with a dry inflection. "I've just walked in from Halesby way, and I'm gasping for a drink. Trot up a pint of your best bitter, and put it on the slate. I haven't got a sou in my pocket."

He smiled as he said it, and the landlord smiled, too, evidently appreciating the joke. The drink was duly served.

"Good luck!" said the new-comer.

"Good 'ealth, Richard," returned the landlord.

The new-comer paused half-way in drinking and lowered the tankard. Apparently about to say something, he altered his mind and drained the liquor with gusto.

"That's saved my life," he uttered fervently.

"'Tain't bad," assented the landlord. "Full up agen?"

"To the brim—that is, if you care to trust me. I'm serious when I tell you that I've got no money."

"Makes no odds," observed the landlord. "What's happened? Come out without none, or got rid of it all in Halesby?"

"Both, if you like. Anyhow, it doesn't seem to matter."

He surveyed the company in general, and a faint line showed between his brows as though he were thinking hard.

"Say," he said suddenly; "how many of you chaps know me?"

A chorus of gruff laughs answered him.

"Come! I'm anxious to know, I assure you."

"Garn, what yo' gettin' at? Is there any man in Moulden as don't know Richard Selby."

"Um-m!" He turned to the landlord. "Seems I'm exceedingly popular," he observed pleasantly. "I think the event ought to be celebrated by free drinks round. Care to lend me a dollar?"

"Yo' can have a quid if yo' want it."

"Then a quid decidedly—and thank you very much. It strikes me I've done wrong not to come here before. I'd no idea I'd got so many friends."

The landlord chuckled as he handed him the money.

"No reason," he said, "why Mark should monopolise yer. Our beer's as good as his'n when all's said and done."

"And the company's better," was the cheerful reply. "Serve up the drinks, sportiboy; fish out a box of your best cigars. I'm in convivial mood to-night, by all my gods! . . Cheero, comrades! I'm damn glad to be amongst you!"

For an hour or more liquor flowed freely; then he excused himself and emerged into the street.

Covering a few paces, he stopped, scratched his head, and all at once shook with silent laughter.

"This is rich," he muttered, "and no mistake about it! Who the devil, I wonder, *is* this Richard Selby? It appears I feature him, and that he's enviably trustworthy. . . . Ralph, my boy, I smell possibilities here. With a little bit of judgment we may turn 'em to account. . . ."

And, with a promptitude worthy of the man whom he resembled, he evolved a plan of action, and immediately took steps to carry it into effect.

* * * * * * *

The sharp rat-tat on the office door brought from Richard a curt "Come in!"

He looked up from his desk. At the same moment Graill did likewise, and sprang half erect with astonishment. He stared open-eyed at the caller, and then his glance roved slowly to Richard's face.

"Good Lord!" he said, and floundered back helplessly into his chair.

"What's up?" said Richard.

Graill was speechless. The caller filled the hiatus by stepping forward, a smile of sardonic humour on his face.

"Damn me!" said he; "but there's certainly something in it!"

"Something in what?" asked Richard, bluntly.

"You and me. We're the dead spit of each other."

Richard laid down his pen.

"What's your game?" he said.

His absolute coolness rather took the other aback.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaimed. "Only look at me!"

"I am looking," said Richard. "Also I'm a busy man. If you've anything pertinent to say, let's hear it. If you haven't, get out."

The caller, whose smile was now a trifle forced, gestured towards Graill.

"Ask your pal," he suggested. "He'll tell you. . . . Say, old chap, am I anything like your guv'nor here?"

"The living image," said Graill feebly.

"I'm glad you think so," said Richard, nastily. "I don't see it myself."

Positively he didn't. He only saw an upright, athletic young man with an insolent manner—a manner which he found acutely objectionable.

"You're less conceited than I thought," observed the caller.

"Meaning?"

"You clearly aren't aware what a good-looking chap you are."

Richard swivelled round in his chair and stood up.

"Your name?" he asked quietly.

"Ralph Beston."

"Well, Mister Ralph Beston"—with these words he placed his hands on Beston's shoulders, wheeled him right about face, and pushed him through the door—"you'll be best *out*, my friend.

He shut the door and returned to his desk.

"Of all the infernal impudence!" he said.

Graill was laughing.

"Short shrift," he said. "But all the same—gad, here he is again."

Mr. Ralph Beston had re-entered. His cheeks were a trifle flushed, his eyes bright. He was (Graill thought) an uncanny replica of Richard when Richard's fighting spirit was aroused.

"I see I must cut the confab and get straight to business," he said. "May I sit down?"

"You may," said Richard grimly; "if that excuse is legitimate."

"Last night," began Mr. Ralph Beston, "I was unfortunate enough to get drunk in the local music-hall. Several gentlemen, uncouth but good-natured, insisted on standing me drinks. Several, moreover, hearing that I was temporarily hard up, pressed loans upon me. One and all appeared to know a dam' sight more about me than I did about them. They even called me Richard."

"Go on," said Richard.

"That's all."

"You borrowed money in my name."

"Not at all. They came and introduced themselves. They came and said, 'Come and have a drink.' I said, 'Willingly, but I can't return the compliment, because I've chanced to come out without my purse.' They said, 'How much do you want?' I said a fiver in some instances; in others——"

Richard drew forward a slip of paper.

"Give me the names of the men and the amount you had from each."

"My dear fellow, it's impossible. I don't even know their names."

"What was the total sum?"

"Twenty-one pounds."

Richard deliberated, tapping his teeth with a pencil.

"Rather a poser," hinted Mr. Ralph Beston.

"In what way?"

"With such a number of generous people about, I think it will be to my advantage to stay here for a long time."

"You require me to make it still more advantageous for you to go?"

"I haven't said so."

"Blackmail, in fact?"

Mr. Beston looked at Graill. "If I admitted as much in the presence of a witness," he said, "you could get me ten years."

"I'm glad you realise it," said Richard grimly.

"Besides, I'm not quite such a blackguard."

"Indeed!" said Richard. And the cutting tone made Mr. Beston flush anew.

"Not quite," he reiterated. "But nearly. When a man goes hungry he isn't particularly

punctilious about what he does. And, candidly, the situation appeals to my sense of humour. Last night, for instance, I hadn't a stiver. I'd walked over twenty miles, I was fagged; I kept saying to myself 'Old man, *something's* got to be done.' I turned into a pub., desperate, demanded a drink on tick, and should have knocked the landlord down if he hadn't given it to me. He did more; he lent me a quid on the strength of my likeness to you—and that gave me my cue. I just sampled what the name of Richard Selby was worth, and, Jove, the result surprised me!"

"You didn't need twenty-one quid to pay for bed and grub," put in Richard.

"Granted. But you know what it is when you strike a vein of luck. You work it out, and the grin on the face of the devil is only an additional delight. I don't regret it. I've a strong inclination to continue the entertainment. It all depends on you."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Give me work."

"Ah!" Richard's expression changed. He regarded Mr. Beston calculatingly. "How long," he said, "have you held any job you've had?"

With a rapid movement the other clapped his hands together and let them fall listless at his sides. It was at once a gesture applauding Richard's intuition and admitting his own defect.

"You've got me," he said. "I never could stick at anything. That's the reason I wander about. I'm an opportunist. I leap at whatever presents itself; but when the zest wears off, I'm done."

"Then you're no good to me," said Richard.

"I discovered it ten seconds ago—when you took that estimating squint at me. You dislike me, don't you?"

"I never disliked anyone so much before," said Richard.

"Exactly. We're antipathetic. Alike to look at, there's one primal ineradicable difference. I'm cleverer than you—though that doesn't matter. The essential thing is, you hang on when you get your teeth into a thing; I taste and I'm satisfied. You think success is worth while; I think the pursuit of success a crass waste of time. Barring that deficiency, old man, I swear I'd settle in this god-forsaken hole just to see if I couldn't knock you out of time."

"This is degenerating into boastfulness," said Richard. "I understand you intend to remain here, impersonating me when you can, until your peculiar sense of humour is satisfied?"

"I do. It annoys you and in consequence will please me. Don't imagine I shall be so indiscreet as to get myself landed for obtaining money under false pretences. I shall accept no loans except under friendly protest. In fact, I agree that avenue of amusement is practically exhausted. But there are others. For example, I am now going out to buy a riding rig-out, as near as possible like your own. Then I shall look about to see if you have any pretty girls in Moulden. With such popularity as yours for my credentials ——"

He got up, simultaneously with Richard.

"You needn't quicken my exit this time," he remarked, with his sardonic smile; and went.

"*Well*" said Graill, unmentionably.

"It's anything but well," returned Richard, sourly. "That beggar will do me no end of mischief."

"Wouldn't it be better to get him out of the place somehow?"

"Wild horses wouldn't budge him until he's inclined. I can read him, like I can read the bad parts of myself. Jim, I never recognised till this day how narrowly I escaped being born a villain."

"Probably we all recognise that at some time or another," said Graill. "Where are you off to now?"

"To the office of the 'Moulden News' to tell Ainsworth to insert a prominent notice warning the townspeople against this impostor."

"He'll snigger if he sees it."

"I know he will; damn him!" said Richard.

It was many a day since an event had so shattered his serenity.

* * * * * * *

The upshot of the matter was dramatic and unexpected. Richard and Graill, a few nights later, were en route for "The Hare and Hounds" for the purpose of getting their horses for the ride home to Darley, when, as they were passing the premises of the "Moulden News," a number of newsboys rushed out, raucously crying sensational news.

And there upon the placards, printed in thick black letters, were the words:

DEATH OF RICHARD SELBY.

Graill exclaimed and clutched Richard's arm. With an oath, Richard tore free and dashed up the steps and through the folding-doors. Graill, dismayed by his anger, remained where he was. In five minutes Richard joined him again.

"It's Beston," he said. "Got blind drunk down at 'The George and Dragon' last night, and they fished him out of the canal this afternoon. . . . Did Ainsworth know? Of course he knew! A contradiction of the report is already in the press. But if that news had got through to Bagley Court—to Violet Lyons. . . ."

He paused, and resumed in a quieter tone.

"Anyhow, I've telephoned; so that's all right! If you care to do so, we'll go along to the mortuary and see the poor beggar. I'd got a respect for him, though he grated like a file on every nerve."

* * * * * * *

They stood in silence, gazing down at the body. He was calm enough, as pallid and cold and stiff he lay. The sardonic twist of his lips was gone. They were set now in placid strength. The likeness to Richard was extraordinarily vivid.

"He got—off the line—I think," said Richard, speaking with difficulty. "I look at him—and he makes me think—of the might-have-been."

"God rest his soul," said Graill.

"Amen," said Richard.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

BUYING A SECOND-HAND BICYCLE.

Very often, if you set about it properly, you can get a bicycle better and cheaper second-hand than brand new. But if you buy a pig in a poke, to use the vernacular, you are far more likely to be taken in. When buying a second-hand bicycle—in fact anything second-hand—you should always insist on inspecting and testing it before payment. No decent person would refuse such a request.

If you know little or nothing about bicycles, it would be best to get an expert friend to look at it. But perhaps the two most important points to test are whether the chain is sound, and whether the wheels are in proper alignment. The latter can be easily tested by wheeling the bicycle, and then examining the track which it leaves.

MARKETING ABILITY.

Generally speaking, the delicate work of Marketing Ability can be best left to Hapgoods. One side of our large Organisation is devoted to this work—the other being devoted to the finding of Men of Special Ability for Employers. We deal only with High-Grade Men capable of filling positions carrying salaries of £150 to £1,000 per annum. If you are such a man, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 187-188, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

DO YOU SMOKE TOO MU

A WARNING TO SLAVES OF THE W

In some ways the abuse of tobacco i more dangerous than the abuse of alco

I do not say that excessive smoki destroy the vital organs as alcohol though, as I shall explain presently, ultimately cause serious organic disea there is an especial danger in too smoking.

A man can hardly delude himself th symptoms of over-drinking are due thing but drink, but the man who smok much often quite honestly ascribes hi health to anything but the real cause.

The man who suffers from indigestion seeks relief in pipe, cigar, or cigarette. if he only knew it, smoking is at the ro his dyspepsia.

The effects of alcohol are plain, man's friends perceiving them will try duce him to pull up, but the excessive does not show the effect of his vice so clearly, and he receives no friendly ing until he goes to a medical man.

The most immediate result of over- is heart trouble of one kind or another.

The victim suffers from palpitation, prevents him from going to sleep when h lies down. There is a sinking sensati the region of the heart, and there is cough, due to irritation of the pharyn

Further, there is marked flatulence. sufferer thinks this is caused by indigest and no doubt there is, as a rule, gastric order of some sort, but the poison of ni acts first on the heart, which in turn all the other organs.

These symptoms, however, might arise other causes than smoking, but it is when sight is also affected that you should b your smoking paraphernalia.

The excessive smoker sees things through a glass dimly, and he often finds he can see better at night, or at least gloaming, than during a bright, sunny d

Other early symptoms of excessive ing are a coated tongue, dilated stomach inability to hold the arms out horizo without the fingers twitching.

All these are minor symptoms, and the sufferer knocks off smoking he will be as well again as ever he was, but neglects the warning then he is playing life and death.

The heart disturbance, slight and com tively unimportant, becomes serious, may develop and die of that most disease known as angina pectoris.

A man, it is said, is as old as his So long as the arteries are elastic a young, but once they grow hard dege creeps upon him. Excessive smoking prolonged periods, leads to serious degeneration, which gradually effects ably all the vital organs.

Cancer is still such a mysterious that it would not be safe to say that be caused by smoking. Still there is no that heavy smokers, more particularly who use clay pipes, often suffer from of the tongue.

While there is no doubt that the much better without any tobacco at man who is past his first youth benefits by moderate smoking; anyway does him no harm, but in smoking, as in things, one man's meat is another poison, and what is moderation to one would be excess in another.

If a man who is careful in what and drinks finds himself generally sorts, troubled with flatulence and heart, and occasionally given to seeing as in a mist, then probably he is more than is good for him.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

F. W. (Harrogate).—It by no means follows that thick soles wear the longest. All depends on the quality of the leather. But it is as well to remember that the thicker the sole the more protection you have against loose stones.

J. O. TOKINS, 38, Lowther Street, Newmarket, is keen on sport, and particularly on cycling. He wants to meet a reader in his town with similar interests.

V. T. (Colchester).—You have no legal hold over that outside bookie. Both you and he are liable to be fined. Never trust your money until you know your man.

A. M. (Dartford).—Do not send us articles made up from reference books. We want fresh, breezy stuff written up from your own personal observations or from those of your friends.

T. P. HASLAM, 7A, Albert Street, London, N.W., wants to correspond with a reader in the Westminster Dragoons.

H. C. W. A. (Eltham) informs us that he has been many years in China, and that the toast "Chin-chin" (a point raised in a recent article) is derived from the Chinese "Ching-ching," which is used as a term of greeting.

L. M. (Lewisham).—Edmund Payne's understudy in "Our Miss Gibbs" is William Stephens.

R. C. (Swansea).—You ought to get a very decent fox-terrier pup for 7s. 6d. If you cannot manage it locally, try our Readers' Sale and Exchange page.

C. E. L. (Wandsworth).—Give him a hiding; he deserves it. If he drinks as much whisky as you say, you ought to be able to tackle him, even if he does stand six inches above you. A "friend" like that is no use to you or anybody else.

W. PLATT, 413, Ripponden Road, Moorside, Oldham, invites any reader in his vicinity who is keen on cross-country running to drop in and see him.

F. L. HAMBLYN, Lord Rayleigh's Dairies, West Road, Westcliff, wants to meet readers in his vicinity.

G. B. (Birmingham).—Mr. Inch's course on physical culture teaching is excellent. If anyone knows how to teach he does: in fact, he has made some of his own pupils his most dangerous runners-up for the title of Britain's strongest man. Don't throw up your present job till you have a fair number of pupils; make the teaching of physical culture a side line at first.

A. R. (Putney).—Vernon Smith, 2A, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, W., is a good teacher of boxing.

J. E. (Rochdale).—We are not experts in the valuation of violins. In a matter of this sort write to the editor of the "Bazaar."

R. D. V. (Cardiff).—You can buy a sixpenny tin of black metal enamel at any ironmonger's, and apply it to the worn parts of your bicycle frame; but if you are at all particular as to the result, get a cycle-maker to do the job for you.

C. CHAFFER, 78, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, wants to practise ju-jitsu with some reader in his locality.

J. M. (Paisley).—There are several makes of trouser-press that can be rolled up for travelling. If you are much of a traveller, however, you will learn to press your trousers by putting them below the mattress.

C. H. SACHS, 3, Youbert Mansions, King's Road, Chelsea, wants to meet a musical reader to practise songs together.

B. T. (Earlsfield).—It seems quite the fashion now for star artistes to use operatic airs for their comic songs. Perhaps this is because they do not have to pay high fees to the composers, the said airs being out of copyright. In some cases, however, the well-known tunes are necessary for the fun of the song. Wilkie Bard's "I want to Sing in Opera" is an instance.

R. T. B. (Sutton).—It is occasionally advisable to pass on the left hand of a cart, neglecting the "pass on the right" rule. This is especially applicable where a tram service runs its metals along the centre of the road.

S. S. (Durham).—Cheap visiting cards can always be detected by the spaces which are to be found between the letters.

K. B. (Trowbridge).—Apply to your local post-office for all details concerning the Army and Navy.

A. J. R. (Wrexham).—The best way to obtain information as to any particular trade, is to apply to someone in that line of business.

H. R. (Birmingham).—Many thanks for your kind offer to do anything possible for this paper. The only thing that we can suggest is that you get your newsagent to show our poster every week. Over 2,000 readers have obliged us in this way, and such assistance is extremely valuable. It is useless for us to send a poster to a newsagent unless he has agreed to exhibit it. Get him to consent, drop us a postcard, and we shall see that a poster is dispatched every week without any cost to him. We shall be very much obliged to you.

V. L. (London).—Write for terms to Tilling's Riding School, Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.

J. G. (Dublin).—Speaking in a general way, it is impossible for a man to be too courteous in his treatment of a lady. We have already printed many articles on etiquette, and some more are coming.

R. L. W. (Towyn).—The address of the Royal Humane Society is 4, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. The secretary will supply you with their charts on life-saving.

F. H. S. (Taunton).—Toothache, when arising from a hollow or decayed tooth, can usually be cured by the application of bicarbonate of soda.

R. F. (Battersea), **E. J. G.** (Cambridge), **A. W. H.** (Eastbourne), **H. B.** (Stapleford), **J. W.** (Liverpool), **G. B.** (Hockley), **B. C. L.** (Winchester), **H. S.** (Sparkhill), **J. B.** (Tooting), **S. E. E.** (Thornton Heath), **W. G. C.** (Winnipeg), **L. B.** (Nottingham), **J. S.** (Macclesfield), **E. H. B. D.** (Chelmsford), **A. C.** (South Riskby), **W. J.** (Sheffield), **A. R. T.** (Leicester), **W. F. T.** (Kidderminster).—Pray accept our kindest regards and best wishes.

Oatine FOR MEN.

The **Oatine Preparations** include several of special interest to men—notably **Oatine Shaving Stick and Oatine Shaving Cream.** When it is remembered how the process of shaving lays bare the pores of the skin, it will be appreciated that the soothing, healing virtues of **Oatine** make it very desirable for the double purpose of use in shaving (in the form of **Oatine Shaving Stick** or **Cream**) and after shaving (in the form of **Oatine Face Cream**). A free and delightfully fragrant lather is yielded in abundance, which achieves the double purpose of assisting an easy shave and protecting the skin. We are confident that a single trial of the **Oatine Shaving Soap** will ensure its entire adoption.

THIS OATINE OUTFIT FREE.

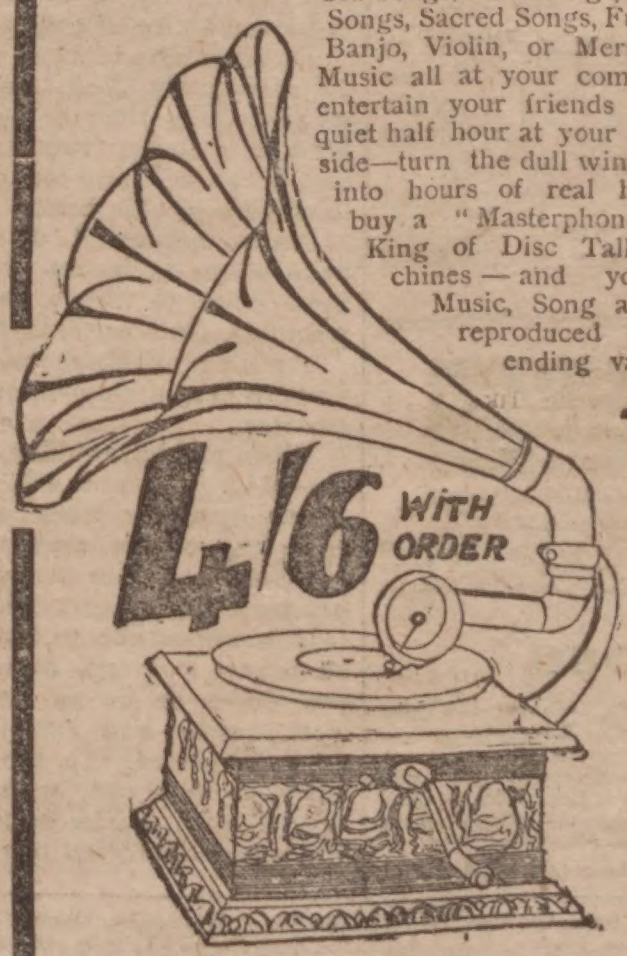
So convinced are we of the merits of the **Oatine Preparations** that we have decided to distribute absolutely free to all a dainty toilet outfit exactly as illustrated. Send 3d. in stamps to pay the cost of postage and packing, and you will receive by return this dainty box containing a trial size of—

OATINE SHAVING SOAP, OATINE CREAM, TOILET SOAP, BALM, FACE POWDER, TALCUM POWDER, TOOTH PASTE, and a full size 2d. SHAMPOO POWDER.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Oatine Buildings, Mermaid Court, London, S.E.

LISTEN TO THE BAND & MERRY SINGERS

Old Songs, New Songs, Favourite Songs, Sacred Songs, Full Bands, Banjo, Violin, or Merry Dance Music all at your command, to entertain your friends or for a quiet half hour at your own fireside—turn the dull winter nights into hours of real happiness, buy a "Masterphone"—The King of Disc Talking Machines—and you have Music, Song and Story reproduced in never ending variety.



The "Masterphone" has dark walnut cabinet, embossed panels, superior motor runs four minutes with once winding, and plays nearly 2-inch records through, covered green felt 8-inch turn table, polished nickel tone arm, fitted with joint and thumbscrew, 15-inch and embossed enamelled Flower Horn and CONCERT SOUND BOX, packed and delivered Free with 6 records for **42/-** cash with order, or on easy terms with 3 records for **4/6** deposit and your promise to pay **7/6** on delivery, and **6/-** per month after you receive the machine. Send **4/6** now, and have the machine to use while paying for it. Other machines, **16/-** to **£5.**

LISTS FREE.

J. N. MASTERS, Ltd., 85, HOPE STORES, RYE, ENGLAND.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

EVENING-DRESS MATTERS.

Several readers have, from time to time, written to me on the subject of the number of studs to be worn in a man's evening dress shirt front.

While, personally, I do not consider it a vital point, and think it best left to a man's own particular liking, it is interesting to note that two is now the usual number, although it is but a very short time since the single stud was the most popular.

Another point bearing on the subject of evening dress is the question of pleated shirt fronts.

These are undeniably more comfortable than the stiffer variety, but at formal or public dinners and similar functions comfort is not the first thing to be studied, and the old style is kept to.

For friendly evenings, quiet whist drives or ordinary evening at-homes, however, the pleated front may be recommended. The hard, stiff shirt is apt to become monotonous, and a little variety is necessary where evening dress, the plainest of all articles of man's attire, is concerned.

Braid trimming for the sides of the trousers is making a bold bid for popularity.

Patent boots with elastic sides are sometimes worn, and, while on the subject, the observations of a correspondent will not be uninteresting.

He writes to say that he has observed several leading boot shops in the City showing the latter in ordinary leather, thus denoting that we are reverting to the early Victorian style.

This may be so, but I think the elastic boots have been reintroduced by the Territorials, who, of late, show a marked liking for this style of footwear.

The boots look quite all right whilst being worn, though they appear to be rather curious when standing alone.

WINTER KIT.

It is not too early now to be thinking of our winter kit.

We have probably all been told at some time or other that we ought to wear flannel next the skin during the winter; but most of us jib at it on the ground of its discomfort. But for all that, it is an excellent sustainer of the warmth of the body.

Here is a good tip. Instead of wearing flannel next the skin, why not have your winter waistcoats lined with it? The effect will be the same, without the unpleasant prickly sensation.

CLEANING ANTELOPE UPPERS OF BOOTS.

The task of cleaning antelope uppers is one which the inexperienced find most difficult and annoying.

Here is a simple method which has not yet been known to fail—at least, in ordinary cases.

Heat slowly a few pounds of bran, making sure that it does not get brown or become burnt, by occasionally stirring.

The uppers should be placed on a clean towel and covered with the heated bran, which must not be made too hot. (You should be able to bear your hand in it.)

Rub vigorously with the fingers until the uppers are thoroughly cleaned, when the bran should be removed with a brush.

Personally, I cannot acknowledge any especial liking for these antelope uppers, but they have certainly become most popular articles of attire during the last year. For myself, I always stick to the ordinary leather or patent-leather footwear, but for those of a more dainty turn of mind, the above hint should prove extremely useful.

BLACK LEGGINGS OR BROWN.

Until quite recently there was a general feeling amongst riding men that black leggings should be left to the chauffeur, but I am glad to say that this feeling is now a thing of the past, and black leggings are now favoured by many of our best-known horsemen.

The leggings worn by a chauffeur are generally fixed by a strap at the top and a spring down the front, with sockets at the top and bottom, into which the ends of this spring go.

For riding purposes such a legging is absolutely useless. For ordinary road work, you may get along with it all right, but if you go in for jumping at all, the bottom spring promptly jerks out of its socket.

If you are going to use them for riding, avoid this type of legging, and by doing so you will also make certain that you will not be confused with the chauffeur.

There are many varieties of fastenings, which can be had in black as well as in brown leather, and I think that it is still hard to beat the old-fashioned buttoned style.

Those which are fixed with a lace up the front unquestionably look smart, but they take a wickedly long time to put on. Those which are fixed with a strap running up the front I do not like, because I have found them extremely liable to chafe your shin bone.

Puttee leggings I do not recommend you to have, either in brown or in black, for they have been done to death, and, except for military purposes, are now seldom worn.

The chief advantage of black over brown is that you can keep the appearance of the leggings much smarter.

When you have ridden a good deal in a pair of brown leggings you will find that the leather on the inside of the calves has been worn and stained according to the amount that your horse has sweated, and also according to the amount of brushing that his groom has given him in advance.

It is impossible to disguise such saddle marks on brown leggings, and I do not suppose that you desire to do so altogether, for they look workmanlike, and are silent evidences that you are a horseman. In the case of black leggings, however, you can, with the greatest of ease, remove such marks by the application of polish and a certain amount of elbow grease.

This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. The new process of "Lin-Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary linen collar which is Lin-Glossed can be washed every morning with a wet sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires another treatment of "Lin-Gloss."

Lin-gloss

You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It produces a china gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. **Lin-Gloss** does not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. Its use saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the wash. To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why not send 1s. P.O. to-day for a bottle of **Lin-Gloss**—six months' supply—and just see how much you can save on your laundry bill?

THE LIN-GLOSS CO., Dept. 53—58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE 50%.

Price 5/9. Gives an elegant crease.

STRONG AND RELIABLE. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome POLISHED OAK, PLATED FITTINGS. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List, Free.*

Carriage Paid. 4/11 Unpolished.

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ONE PRICE and the same exceptional value for our customers all over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction, splendid value and perfect-fitting garments whatever style you choose. We make the cloth, we make the clothes. Skirts to measure from **21s.** to **55s.** CLOTH supplied from **2s.** yd. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of the world, post free.

C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station Street, HUDDERSFIELD, ENG.

Your clothes will cost you less

if purchased on our system of supplying-by-post. We have had such wide experience of dealing with customers through the post that we can guarantee you perfect fitting in the best styles. Our suits are cut well, fit well, and are made from the finest Yorkshire and other cloths. Or we supply the cloth for your tailor to make up. **Write for Patterns and Free Book of Styles**, giving full particulars of postage to all parts of the world.

GROVES & LINDLEY, 25, Lion Buildings, Huddersfield

Why not have your Clothes cut by the man who fitted the **King?**

There is a Distinction about our DRESS SUITS which even Bond Street cannot surpass.

The undeniable perfection of our cut and style are steadily winning over to our side men who have for years remained faithful to West-End "sartorial artists." They realise two points:—

1. **Our cut, style and materials are identical with those of Bond Street.**
2. **Our prices are much lower.**

Our Price for a Dress Suit, Silk faced and Silk lined - - - **84/-**

Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

We return your money in full without question or argument if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS,
201, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
Right opposite the Law Courts.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Boot bills halved by using "Shoevar," the new leather preservative for both soles and uppers; send 1s. P.O. for bottle and note the saving in your boot-repairing bill.—H. Douglas & Co., 30, Westgate, Bradford.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Always well-dressed on 1s. a year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mackintosh, nearly new, worn once, 35in. chest; bargain, accept 13s. 6d.—Box 3716, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's nice suit, height 5ft. 6in., chest 35in., leg 30in.; also overcoat and fancy winter vest, &c., must be good.—Box 3718, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Anglers appreciate genuine British-made fishing tackle direct from the makers, carefully packed for home or export. Albert Smith is familiar with the wants of anglers in all parts of the world. Catalogues free. Note address: Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Skates. Roller-skates, all sizes, new, adjustable; accept 2s. 9d. per pair.—Box 3653, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Football, brand new this season, never been used; take 6s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 3600, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle table, full size, all accessories, must be in good condition, and cheap.—Box 3652, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Winchester repeating shot gun, 12 gauge, take-down model, latest pattern, full choke, in new condition; cost £5 10s., take £3; with the above is included a brown leather leg-of-mutton case, in good condition, which cost over £1.—Box 3719, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sandow's developer, good condition, 5s.; grip dumbbells, 7s.; new condition; carriage paid.—Box 3708, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a set of boxing gloves, first or second hand, men's size.—Box 3720, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle board, folding, mahogany, 8ft. long, 24in. wide, all accessories; £1 2s. 6d.—Box 3721, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good pocket revolver.—Price and description, Box 1740, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, for No. 1 Blocknote camera, telescopic tripod and base, magazine, folding view finder, magnifiers, other accessories, oil dark-room lamp.—Box 3723, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dark room, portable, cost 55s.; accept 15s.; good condition.—Box 3724, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

100 mounts, quantity of gaslight postcards, frames, trimming shapes, and board, &c., for ¼ plate; accept 4s.—Box 3725, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Weymann high grade zither mandoline, nickel silver drum, aluminium keys, beautiful tone, waterproof case, 50s.—320, Powerscourt Road, Portsmouth.

CYCLES, &c.

Gents' Cycle, Rudge-Whitworth, 26-inch frame, new last year, in splendid condition, accept £3 15s.—Box 3726, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two second-hand Michelin Covers, 820 by 120, guaranteed 1,000 miles wear, 30s.—Box 3728, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

For Books, see Davies and Widdowsen's advertisement, page 19.

For sale, 51 parts Harmsworth "History of the World," splendid condition; 15s.—Box 3714, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Can you sketch? If so, why not turn your talent to account by learning to draw for the Press. Professional tuition by post.—Stamp for prospectus, &c., Sec., London House, Westhoughton, Lancs.

Beautiful handwriting will help you to improve your position; send P.O. 1s. 6d. for full instructions and specimen pens to P. Browne, 3, Barnsbury Street, London, E.C.

£5 per week earned by advertisement writers; excellent opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus and full particulars post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally. Treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

30s. to £3 per week easily earned; a fine paying agency, sole rights given. Write Lin-Gloss Co., Dept. 2, 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.

FINANCIAL, &c.

£250 Provident bond, £33 paid; first nearest offer.—Box 3732, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, 10 fully paid preferred ordinary £1 shares in first rate company; what offers?—Box 3733, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, loan of £10, good security given, will pay reasonable interest.—Box 3734, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£50 required to back good mail order business, security given.—Box 3735, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sale, 30 £1 shares Columbia Rubber Co.; accept £26.—Box 3736, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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